

THE BEST PAPER FOR SOCIETY AND FASHION

# The Sketch.

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# The Sketch

No. 1206 — Vol. XCIII.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



JILTED "DAY BY DAY" IN AN INVERTED "FAUST": MISS ANNIE CROFT AS VIRGINIA IN "MY LADY FRAYLE."

"My Lady Frayle," at the Shaftesbury, a musical comedy with a Mephistophelean touch, has been described as "an inverted 'Faust'"; that is, instead of an elderly Faust becoming young and wooing Marguerite, an elderly Marguerite, in the person of Lady Frayle, becomes young (through a deal with the Devil) for the love of a youthful

Faust. Miss Annie Croft takes the part of the young man's fiancée, whom he jilts for the rejuvenated Countess. She has an attractive song to sing called "Day by Day," which won her an enthusiastic encore on the first night. Virginia, needless to say, is not jilted permanently.—[Photograph by Beaufort, Birmingham.]

## A PEER'S ONLY DAUGHTER WEDDED : PEPLOE — BLIGH.



THE WEDDING OF MR. D. S. PEPLOE AND LADY DOROTHY BLIGH  
THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.



WITH THE TRAIN-BEARER: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM  
LEAVING THE CHURCH.



THE MOTHER OF THE BRIDE: THE COUNTESS OF DARNLEY  
(LEFT); WITH A FRIEND.



A PRETTY GROUP OF BRIDESMAIDS: MISSES LAIDLAY, ALLSOPP,  
AND VICKERS.

Very pretty, although very quiet, like most weddings in war-time, was the marriage, on Feb. 29, of Lady Dorothy Bligh, the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Darnley, to Lieutenant Dan Spencer Peploe, 20th Hussars, who has recently returned on leave from the Front. The ceremony took place in Cobham Parish Church, the Bishop of Rochester officiating, assisted by the Dean and the Rev. A. H. Berger. Lord Darnley gave his daughter away, and there were three bridesmaids—Miss Irene Vickers, Miss Winifred Allsopp (daughter of Lady Mildred Allsopp), and Miss Faith Laidley, of North

Berwick, and the best man was Lieutenant Campbell. The Countess of Darnley held a small reception later at Cobham Hall, and among the guests were the elder brother of the bride, Lord Clifton, Captain the Hon. Noel Bligh and Mrs. Bligh, the Hon. Arthur Bligh, Lady Alice Bligh, Lady Congleton, Lady Campbell, Lady and Miss Callaghan, Mr. and Mrs. Peploe, Lieutenant Peploe, General Brownlow, Miss Rashleigh, Mrs. Kitson, Mrs. Storrs, and Mrs. Harmer. The wedding created much interest in the neighbourhood of Cobham Hall.—[Photograph No. 1, by Topical; Nos. 2, 3, and 4, by L.N.A.]

## REHEARSING AT THE GAIETY: A TRIO OF SOCIETY BEAUTIES.



*"The Very Latest."*

A ROYAL MATINEE: LADY DIANA MANNERS, LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH, AND MISS NANCY CUNARD REHEARSING.

The amount of solid comfort afforded to our fighting men by the establishment of free buffets is incalculable. War-worn and weary, sometimes without a friend to welcome them, the men returning from the front are fit subjects for sympathy expressed in practical fashion, as it is by the establishment of these free buffets. The Waterloo Station Free Buffet is peculiarly deserving of aid, as the stream of soldiers going to and returning from the war areas is constant, and the refreshment provided for them is more than welcome. On Friday, March 3, a Matinée at which Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria were present was held at the Gaiety on behalf of

the funds of this kindly way of giving soldiers a welcome home, and our photograph shows some well-known Society ladies who lent their aid to the good work, and are seen rehearsing on the Gaiety stage. They are Lady Diana Manners, the youngest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland; Lady Cynthia Asquith, daughter of the Earl of Wemyss and very popular before her wedding as Lady Cynthia Charteris (her marriage to the second son, the soldier-poet son, of the Prime Minister, took place in 1910, and she has two children); and Miss Nancy Cunard, daughter of Sir Bache Cunard.—[Photographs by Farringdon Photo. Co.]



"Her chauffeur is replaced by a chauffeuse."

# PHRYNETTE'S LETTERS. TO · LONELY · SOLDIERS.

PEGGY HAD A LITTLE PIG—LARDER LOVES.

BY MARTHE TROY-CURTIN.

(Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

**L**AST time that Peggy, and Peggy's papa and Peggy's mamma and one of "yous" on leave went to spend a week-end at Peggy's papa's country house, they found therein, among other correspondence, a circular couched thus : "Can the keeping of poultry and pigs be extended, and how?" Peggy was vastly interested. All through luncheon she spoke of patriotic pig-keeping. She said she knew the very spot in the rose-garden where a "pig-kennel" (she meant, of course, a sty) would not show too much; besides, it could be quickly covered with creepers. Papa was pessimistic; Mamma suggested pigeons were prettier than pigs; but the adoring "you" was already making his plan. And the day after coming back to town, Peggy received a present. A gilt hamper containing the prettiest, pinkest piggy in miniature that ever was, with the comicallest, corkscrewlest little tail that any piggy ever prided itself upon. Peggy was delighted with her new pet. She put a blue ribbon around its little fat neck, tying the bow near the black beauty-patch on Piggy's cheek. Then she gave a tea-party to all her flapper friends to show them Piggy, and how mere girls could, at Home and at leisure, help the farmers and food-producing. Said Peggy, in peroration of her speech : "Friends, let us start the Society of Useful Pets."

Her tea-party and her little lecture were a great success. Piggy, presiding on a Chesterfield and cushioned all round, was pleased to let itself be petted, patted, fêted, and called a duck. Peggy's enthusiasm and the pink, bonbon-like Piggy fired the dear little guests with worthy emulation. Maud declared she would breed hares in the garage, and Maisie resolved to raise a chicken, or a hen, at least, and to begin with, in the conservatory. Mary thought there would be quite enough grass on her lawn to feed a lamb; Mabel was not sure that Mother would let her keep carp in the bath-room—not in the bath, you know; a tub would do, she supposed.

At the end of this afternoon the League of the Useful Pets was formed.

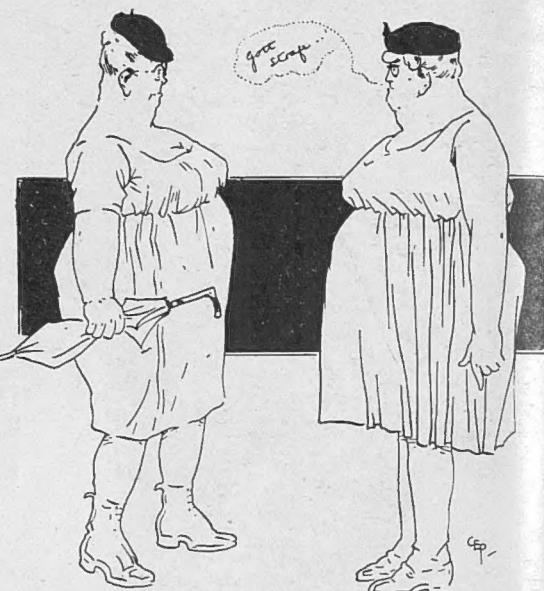
Weeks passed—one week-end it snowed, another Peggy had a cold, the next, Peggy's "you," came back wounded, and Peggy almost lived at the Nursing Home. The country-house did not see its owners for a long time, and the "pig-kennel" did not get itself built. Meanwhile, Piggy was growing and growing and growing. Fed on the finest sawdust (it that right? I can't claim close acquaintance with pigs—quadrupedal ones, I mean. I know that

having discovered that the said Housemaids had brooms—and prejudices against pigs. As for Graveson, the butler, Figgy and he treated one another with cold "despisery." Now and then Peggy's parents, when they remembered Piggy, would suggest gently that Piggy was getting quite grown up—that it was, perhaps, time to think of its future—to be or not to be bacon, as Shakespeare almost said! Peggy would cover her ears with her indignant little hands, and the question was adjourned. Then one day the "Mater" of Peggy's "you" called on Peggy's Mother, and she and Piggy met in a corridor. They met abruptly—it was a slippery corridor. Now, Piggy was vast and weighty, so was the caller, but, being a biped, her balance was not as good as that of Piggy, and some people are so easily upset!

Epilogue. From the *Times* of April 1st. For sale, prime pig, well trained and affectionate; ideal companion (no butcher). Apply, 1001 bis, Park Lane West.

I cannot tell you what happened to Maud's hares, or Mary's lamb, or Mabel's carp; but Fluffy, Maisie's hen, after having escaped from her mistress's muff one afternoon in Bond Street, and been rescued from under a passing lady's frills—feet, I mean—by a gallant "you," Fluffy became a

*fricassée*! And the gallant "you" declared her excellent. Clever Chap, wasn't he, to manage to get himself invited to Maisie's home!



"Were the soldiers to go short, the women would go shorter still"!!!

Overheard at a dance lately—a small and khaki dance, of course. A young "you" was talking to a nice, tall, dark girl.

"Won't you tell me your name? Your Christian name?"

"Gladys," said the nice girl; "and what's yours?"

"Try to guess; mine is quite an uncommon sort of name"—"Marmaduke? No? Percy? No? Algernon? No? I give it up!"

"Adolphus."

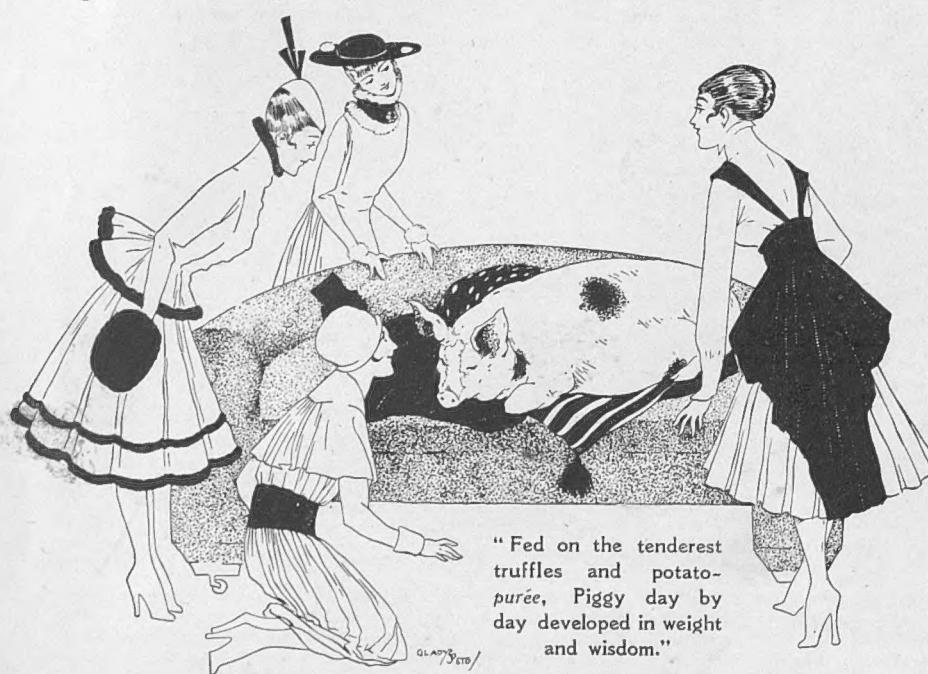
"Oh, don't be silly! Do tell me, *truly*—"

"But it is Adolphus!" said the "you" apologetically. The nice girl was so sorry! He soon forgave her, though. How do I know? Well, I, too, happened to be in the conservatory when—however, that is irrelevant!

And apropos of young people and mutual liking, I have heard an interesting piece of gossip the other day. If I tell "yous," "yous" must promise not to repeat it—in case it should be true! Well, it seems that a certain King of Comic Kinema-acting whose initials are C.C. (I won't tell names! and, remember, it is strictly between "yous" and me), has contracted a new engagement, a sentiment alone, with the very charming and popular daughter of another Stage-King—of the strictly Legitimate. Would not it be screeningly funny to watch Pa-in-Law and C.C. playing straight parts together! This is rumour only, mark you!

I have received two letters from men readers this week, both telling me that they do like very much a chat on chiffons, now and then, so I hope this little story may make "yous" smile.

The scene is a milliner's shop in the West End. A lady is trying hat after hat; she is pretty, but does not advertise the fact. She is well dressed, but her smartness is—censored at every seam. You



"Fed on the tenderest truffles and potato-purée, Piggy day by day developed in weight and wisdom."

they like truffles, anyway)—well, then, fed on the tenderest truffles and potato-purée, Piggy day by day developed in weight and wisdom. He cultivated the Cook, but avoided the Housemaids,

know what I mean, don't "yous"? She has men at the Front, and is engaged on serious War Work—and she wishes all this to be expressed, even in her very elegance. There are no flowers in her car outside, her chauffeur is replaced by a chauffeuse (*not chauffeuse*, please, Mlle. Typist!—in French, a *chaufferette* is a foot-warmer!) The lady puts the thirty-sixth hat up on its peg again with a disappointed pout.

"No. Mme. Léontine, you don't seem to have anything to suit me to-day! You see, what I want is something smart, but *not* gay; nothing fluffy, nothing that makes people look up and say 'Paris.' I want a hat in which I can have tea without looking a guy, but with which I can drive straight to my Crèche in the East End, or to the Hospital, without having to go home and change."

Mme. Léontine knew, Mme. Léontine understood. "Mlle. Cecile," she said, "*allez donc chercher la toque noire pour Madame la Comtesse.*" *La toque noire* was a masterpiece of black velvet with just a rose of khaki suède on the side, and visor of net falling from the brim.

"*Voilà!*" said Madame proudly, capping her fist with it. "*Zee vairee sing!* It will make Madame la Comtesse look 'strikingly obscure'."

How was that for a description?

Some more shop—the *lingère* this time. Do "yous" know where to look in future for the blue bird of happiness? No, I am not telling you actually to look for it, only where it is to be found—embroidered on the left side, over the heart, of the newest nighties; and very pretty it looks in celestial blue, on a pink back-ground, I mean the *crêpe-de-chine*, of course. Only I think, don't "yous" that the bird should be a dove, or a homing pigeon, and not a Summer Swallow! Those who find that a dove is too suggestive of peace may go in for the guns; yes, guns with wheels and things embroidered on a little square of lawn amidst intricacies of lace on dainty *dessous*! The only sort of gun that "yous" are not supposed to face! What!



"Won't you tell me your name? Your Christian name?"

intricacies of lace on dainty *dessous*! The only sort of gun that "yous" are not supposed to face! What!

I have had a cutting sent me, over which I chuckled childishly. The sender, following the custom of all cutting-senders, has carefully left out the name and date of the newspaper!—but it does not really matter, thank you. According to that cutting, it seems that "The German papers are continually finding fault with their women, which is as significant of the decline of a nation as it is of the individual." Hear, hear!—of course, there are no niggers among "yous," my readers; but if "yous" should happen to know of some misogynists, please underline the above paragraph in blue pencil before you pass on *The Sketch* to them!

"Woman in Germany just now can do nothing right. She is thoughtless, extravagant, 'vain as a peacock,' as the *Tageszeitung* observed the other day" (I am sorry for the *Tageszeitung*'s Editor's wife, aren't "yous"?) "and, as the Hamburg *Fremdenblatt* now declares, utterly incapable of understanding her duty when face to face with the exigencies of the War. It appears, on investigation, that the *Fremdenblatt*'s anger is based on the German woman's refusal to abandon her finery, notwithstanding the Government prohibition of the use of spun or woven fabrics; and after exhausting its spleen at this 'iniquity,' the *Fremdenblatt* proceeds—

"We now appeal most fervently to all German women and ask them whether they would not deem it a patriotic act of the first order were they, for the duration of the War, to content themselves with *only the most indispensable article of apparel*??" (the queries and italics are mine, not the *Fremdenblatt*'s!), 'above all,

abandoning the wasteful wide skirts.' (But, then, "yous" see, who is to decide what constitutes the "indispensable"? Opinions differ so! Grand-dad Adam, for instance, thought that almost anything would do for Eve to potter about the Paradise in! While, nowadays, even Revue Managers seem to think that an extra dab of powder here and there is indispensable! What does the *Fremdenblatt* really mean?)

"Do those women of ours" (*les pauvres!*), preening themselves up in their overweening vanity with all sorts of finery and frippery—and even that mostly of foreign origin—never think that a day may come when even our warriors may be put on a restricted clothing allowance? How would the women fare then?" (They would lower their eyes modestly, I hope!) "Is it likely that the military authorities would allow our soldiers to stand against the foe half-clad so that the fashion-dolls at home may array themselves in finery? Certainly not. *Were the soldiers to go short, the women would go shorter still*!!! (The italics and the exclamations are mine, not the *Fremdenblatt*'s!) It would be interesting to know what measures the German Government is going to take about it? I don't know how much the thermometer registers over there, but if it is as cold as it has been here, the unfortunate frouses will freeze in their "indispensable," what!

Talking of temperature, you should have seen us under the snow last week! Anyone who rejoiced in a garden, or in a yard, or even in street "steps," became a four-year-old again and soaked himself blessedly in those whitened spaces; and those of us who didn't have such luxuries simply skimmed the snow from the window-sills, for projectiles—balcony-bombs are fine!

Don't think the snow shut us up from anywhere. The Imp and I and two Somebodieselses—other people, too, of course—happened to be staying in the country during the snowstorm; and, after having disported ourselves in white warfare in the garden, we thought it would be fun to run up to town after dinner to some show or other, and see how dear old London looked under its wig. Unfortunately, our host had no motor-car; the one-and-only fly of the village was engaged, and the local and timorous train, while consenting to take us to town, would not take us back—its hour for going to bed being ten o'clock or thereabouts!

Our mouths and spirits drooped. "I've got it!" said one of the Somebodieselses (two "yous," naturally). "We'll take a box!" "What sort of a conveyance is that?" I asked. "It's not a conveyance, but we get one *par dessus le marché*, as you say. I'll telephone to the Kingsway Theatre to engage a box or four stalls, and the management will send a car to fetch us, then the same car will take us to supper, and then back home. Like the idea? But, then, perhaps you girls have seen 'L'Enfant Prodigue'?" We had twice, and that's why we wanted to see it again, and we did. The car was soft and swift, and roomy—the Somebodieselses said it was *rather* roomy, indeed!—and it seemed such a short



"Embroidered on the left side, over the heart, of the newest nighties."



"But Fluffy . . . rescued from under a passing lady's frills—feet, I mean—by a gallant 'you.'"

journey to the Kingsway, somehow. Why doesn't every theatre-manager send a nice chauffeur-man to fetch you from your end-of-the-world to Show-land every evening?

# SMALL TALK

ONE odd aspect of the Great World's war-work is afforded by the stage. The boards have definitely been boarded by the amateur. At the Gaiety Matinée last week we had Lady Gwendoline Churchill, Miss Bettine Stuart-Wortley, Countess Pappenheim, and Miss Elizabeth Asquith. Ethel Levey had her work cut out to keep her end up against the newcomers. Elsewhere, a little before that, Miss Asquith, who is become a repertory performer, had played wife to Sir Hedworth Williamson's husband, with the two Keppel girls and Miss Dudley Ward for their domestics. Lady Ashburton and Miss Aurea Ward acted in Lord Rosslyn's company at the Theatre Royal, Winchester; and Lady Castlemaine is preparing a play, and herself learning a long part, against the coming of the Easter season. Time was when Lady Constance was the solitary intruder!

*Two Sides of the Question.* The Duchess, on this side, and her mother Mrs.

Belmont, on the other, are quite at odds in the matter of expenditure. If you have millions in America you spend them; if you have a portion of the same millions in England you are expected, for form's sake, to save them. The little Duchess is, officially, all on the side of modified living; the ample lady of Fifth Avenue is all for the circulation of her ample means. Her Beauty Shop, her Suffrage propaganda (she held a Votes for Women meeting on board the ill-starred *Lusitania* on her last trip to England), and all her other interests are not things to economise over without sacrificing her mission in life.

*Frocks and Fractions.* So, too, with the Duchess. For such as

she the economy programme is full of pitfalls. Girls of the Vanderbilt-Belmont school have been brought up, so to speak, on charity. It is their business to spend in all sorts of good causes—extravagant good causes, if you will. For herself, half a grape a day, she says, would feed her; and yet she must not starve her

convalescents. She must feed them up and do them well in stalls at the theatre—to mention only the trivialities. And, talking of economy, Lady Diana was the intentest of Mr. McKenna's listeners at the Guildhall meeting (shade of all the banqueters!) last week. From the meeting she went to her dressmaker to arrange for a suitable frock for a new programme-selling enterprise she and her circle have in hand. A programme-seller's frock must inspire recklessness; nobody would give more than sixpence to a dowdy. What price good resolutions in the face of such conundrums!

*Profits.* That Americans

are spending on things which English people find it convenient to save on was very obvious last week at Sotheby's. When I looked in for the dispersal of Mr. Kingston Baker's collection of Japanese prints—the first sold for two or three years past—I noticed that many of the more expensive impressions were knocked down to a couple of young visitors from the States; and when they withdrew their attention from the lots in hand their womenfolk—decked in a most un-wartime galaxy of jewels—did a considerable amount of bidding on their own account. But it was the men who were lavish: probably they knew more than their companions about the profits on munition contracts.

*The Barrier.* We are get-

ting quite accustomed to Sir James Barrie's "surprises." The management demands them of him. It was stipulated he should prepare one for the royal matinée on the 7th, and for quite a long time before it came off he was very secret and very silent about it. "I mus' na' tell you," he said to anybody who tried to pass the

Barrier of reserve. The funny thing was that up till almost the last moment he himself was not in the secret. An eleventh-hour—almost a dress-rehearsal—inspiration gives just the little extra flick of unexpectedness that is the—whole thing.



A SUPERINTENDENT OF IRISH CANTEENS: THE COUNTESS OF ERNE.

The admirable work which is being done for soldiers by the Y.M.C.A. is universally recognised, and has enlisted the ready help and co-operation of many ladies of influence and position, among them the Countess of Erne, who is superintending the Y.M.C.A. canteens in Ireland. Lady Erne, who was married to the fifth Earl in 1903, was Lady Mary Cavendish Grosvenor, daughter of the first Duke of Westminster. The Earl and Countess reside at Crom Castle, Newtown Butler, Co. Fermanagh.

Photograph by Speaight.

Barrier of reserve. The funny thing was that up till almost the last moment he himself was not in the secret. An eleventh-hour—almost a dress-rehearsal—inspiration gives just the little extra flick of unexpectedness that is the—whole thing.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT COLIN LINDSAY BOYD: MISS CECILY LANGDON BUCKLEY.



ENGAGED TO FLIGHT SUB-LIEUT. R. B. MARWOOD, R.N.A.S.: MISS GWENDOLINE MORRISH.



TO MARRY THE SON OF A FAMOUS GENERAL: MISS MARY HARPÖTH VINOGRADOFF.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN E. C. ATKINSON, INDIAN ARMY: MISS O. M. COLE.

Miss Buckley is the only daughter of the late Mr. Percy Buckley, of Guildford, and of Mrs. Buckley, of Northam, North Devon. Lieutenant Boyd is the only son of the late Mr. Colin Boyd, and of Mrs. Boyd, of Webbery, North Devon, and is in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.—Miss Morrish is the youngest daughter of the late Captain W. D. Morrish, R.N., and of Mrs. Morrish, Home Park Villas, Stoke, Devonport. Flight Sub-Lieutenant Marwood is the son of Paymaster-in-Chief R. B. Marwood, of Medway Villas, Gillingham.—Miss Mary Harpöth Vinogradoff is the daughter of the late Mr. A. Harpöth, of Copenhagen, and Mrs. Vinogradoff, Court Place, Iffley, Oxford, and is step-

daughter of Dr. Paul Vinogradoff, F.B.A., Corpus Professor of Jurisprudence, Oxford University. Mr. Ronald Leslie Wingate is the eldest son of General Sir Francis Reginald Wingate, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., K.C.M.G., etc., Sirdar of the Egyptian Army and Governor-General of the Soudan. Mr. Wingate is in the I.C.S.—Miss Cole is the daughter of the late Mr. John Cole, of Carlton Lodge, Moseley, and the late Mrs. Cole, of Wilton House, Cheltenham. Captain Atkinson is the son of Brigadier-General G. Atkinson, C.B. (I.A., retired), and Mrs. Atkinson, Tedburn St. Mary, Devonshire, and is in the 17th Cavalry, Indian Army.—[Photographs by Swaine and Langfiel.]

A MYRTIL MORE FRAGRANT THAN *EAU D'ANGE*: ODETTE.

"LA ROSE DU BOULEVARD": Mlle. ODETTE MYRTIL, VOCALIST, VIOLINIST, AND DANCER, AT THE ALHAMBRA.

During an interregnum of variety between two revues at the Alhambra, a charming and novel turn is that given by Mlle. Odette Myrtile—"La Rose du Boulevard," a Parisian "Apache" artist who is fresh from a successful visit to New York. She appears in a triple capacity, accompanying her own song and dance, which is of the sinuous type, on

the violin. Her name recalls the symbolism of the myrtle, which was formerly sacred to Venus, and is now used in bridal wreaths. From its fragrant leaves is distilled a perfume known as *Eau d'Ange*. Romeo's question, "What's in a name?" could be answered fearlessly by the admirers of Mlle. Myrtile.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.]



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY : GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

**Henry James.** I expect to see quite a boom in the novels of Henry James. He was one of those authors born to be read after their death instead of during their life-time. The reason is fairly obvious. Young people, in the first flush of their new-found and immature intellectuality, dashed at Henry James with perfect assurance. They felt that they were clever enough to find him out. The simplicity of his titles encouraged this confidence. "The Soft Side"—nothing could be easier or more tempting than that. So with "The Awkward Age," "What Maisie Knew," and "The Golden Bowl." Henry James subtle and abstruse? Oh, nonsense! I'll soon show father how clever I am—poor, old-fashioned dad!

And then, of course, these young people received a shock. A very bitter shock. Try as they would, get into quiet corners as they would, bite their nails as they would, tear their hair as they would, they could not get at what the author meant. So they pitched the book away in despair, and told their friends—but not dear old dad—that Henry James did not know his business.

This was probably true. As a business-man, Henry James was, I imagine, a failure. There is not a spark of business instinct in writing for posterity. All those young people, grown older, will tackle Henry James again now that he is dead, and perhaps discover what he was driving at. Is that any good to the author? Never mind. The point is that the author had his reward from the pleasure he must have derived from the work itself. No monetary reward could possibly approach that.

**"Yell for Your Life."** I have just been reading a very outspoken article in the *Daily News* by Mr. Arnold Bennett. It is entitled, "Think the Worst—and Yell for Your Life," which hits off a certain phase of this War pretty neatly.

Incidentally, Mr. Bennett touches on the question of recruiting. "Millions of men," he says, "have laboured and are labouring together for the salvation of the miserable skins of these persons, and their skins have been saved. But do they ever give thanks? Never. They only screech louder and louder that the danger is not yet passed. And in their panic every man who will not front disaster and death for them is a shirker. And if he is not a shirker he is a slacker."

I have often wondered by what authority civilians who are not called upon to fight take it upon themselves to goad or induce, or cajole or persuade, or bribe or bully other men into the firing-line. It seems to me that the man who cannot fight—and the same thing applies to women, who obviously cannot fight—should keep quiet about the question of recruiting, and let the soldiers and sailors do the talking. I may be wrong; I may be dreadfully narrow-minded and short-sighted; but I confess that I am quite unable to arrive at the state of mind of a man who can urge other men to sacrifice their homes, their fortunes, and their lives when he himself is not going to be asked to do anything of the kind.

He would if he could? Oh, quite so. I am sure of that. But, in the meantime, since he can't (and she can't), why not leave the goading to those already in uniform?

## MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD  
(*"Chicot"*).

### Brains and Muscle.

If I ventured to criticise the authorities (a delightfully general word)—which, of course, I don't—I should ask (purely for information) why men of brains are set to muscular tasks on joining the Army, and why men of muscle already in the Army are kept to brainy tasks? With regard to the latter, the official answer is, I suppose, that the men of muscle were trained to the brainy tasks before the War broke out, and that mere civilians turned soldiers, whatever their ability in their own walks of life, could never, never, never master the intellectual feats required of the soldiers who now perform them.

It follows, therefore, that these brainy civilians must be content, if they are too old or not strong enough to fight, to sweep out stables or perform other suitable tasks of that kind. That is to say, a man

who has the wit and ability to earn, say, a thousand a year in his own profession cannot be expected to master the intricacies of book-keeping, or map-making, or foodstuff-ordering when he becomes a soldier.

This may be true. But it seems a pity that so many good brains—and the Army must be full of first-class brains by this time—should not be used to the full, or the half, or the quarter. I wonder what there is about this "training" that makes it so awfully difficult? Why should it take so long that no civilian can ever be expected to master it before the end of the War?

Those are the sort of questions I should ask if I ever ventured to ask any questions. But I don't.



ENGAGED TO APPEAR IN A NEW MUSICAL PLAY: LADY EDWARD FITZGERALD—WITH HER LITTLE SON.

Lady Edward Fitzgerald, who has arranged to appear in a musical play in London, was formerly known on the stage as Miss May Etheridge. Her marriage to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, brother of the Duke of Leinster, took place in 1913, and her little son, Gerald, was born in the following year. Lord Edward, who has been wounded in the war, holds a commission in the 8th Battalion, Duke of Wellington's (West Riding Regiment). He was formerly in the Irish Guards.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

How in the world did a horse come to be called "Birthday Clothes"? It is a good name for a farce—I make a present of the discovery to the farce-writing fraternity—but why should a horse be called "Birthday Clothes"?

And then, how often they drop into poetry! Listen—

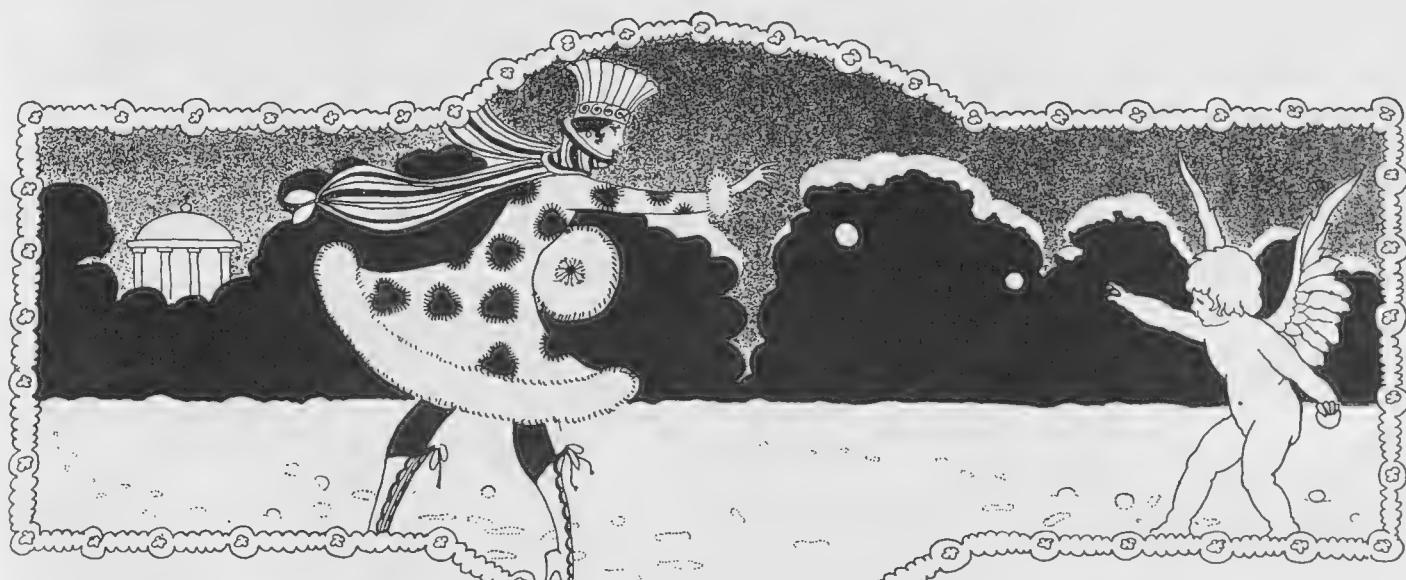
"Carol Singer"; "Wild Aster"; "Hark Halloo"; "Mauve Cabin"; "Charming Weather"; "Wavebeam"; "Golden Horde" and "Square Dance." (I don't think I should ever back a horse called "Square Dance," quite apart from its merits as a horse. I have seen them doing it, and their progress is invariably slow.)

But "Eager Simon" would inspire confidence, and "Flareaway" might. On the other hand, "Old Q." certainly would not, and I should regard "Mr. Pick" and "Tweedledum" and "The Policeman" as too genial for the business-end of the string.

**More Intelligence.** Talking of intelligence in unexpected places, I am often struck by the literary qualities displayed in the naming of race-horses. Who, I wonder, names a race-horse? Is it the owner, or his wife, or his daughter, or his sweetheart, or the trainer, or the trainer's wife, or the trainer's daughter, or the trainer's sweetheart? Or does the Jockey Club keep a lot of names in a bag, and allow its members to dip in and pull out a good name?

Take, at random, the programme for any race-meeting, and study the names of the horses. You will find things far beyond the inventiveness of the average novelist or film-producer. For example—"Birthday Clothes"!

## MORALS OF MACKENZIE: WINTER SPORTS.

*In Cupid's Garden.**In the Mountains.**In the Park.—Who cares?*

MACKENZIE



## ROYALTY AND THE CRAFT: GRAND MASTER MOSES: MILITARY MASONs.

### The Prince and the Craft.

It would have given wide pleasure if the Prince of Wales had been initiated into the Craft, but the rumour has been denied. It therefore remains a matter of speculation as to which of the younger Royalties in days to come will take up the duties of Grand Master when the Duke of Connaught may find them too heavy for his shoulders.

**Royal Masons.** King Edward was an enthusiastic Freemason and was Grand Master of the Craft until such time as he ascended the Throne, when he became Patron of the Order, his brother, the Duke of Connaught, succeeding him as its head. King George the Fourth and all his brothers were Freemasons, and the portraits of the Royal Dukes are cherished possessions of some of the older Lodges. Our present King's elder brother, Prince Eddie, was a Freemason, having been initiated at Oxford, but King George has never joined the Craft. That he gives his very thorough approval to Masonry is evident, however, by his sympathy with the charitable works with which Masonry is so constantly associated, which cover so wide a field of benevolent effort. "Loyalty and Charity" is the watchword of the Society, and in old

the "Grand Orient" of France cut itself adrift from all regular Grand Lodges by removing from its statutes the paragraph inculcating belief in "The Great Architect of the Universe."

**Military Lodges.** There are in the Army a considerable number of military Freemasonry Lodges, and it is not impossible that the Prince of Wales, as a soldier and a Guardsman, may one day be initiated into the Craft in one of these. In the military Lodges, when Lodge is assembled, the Brethren take no account of military rank, and the Master of the Lodge may be a Subaltern lecturing his Colonel, as the youngest Mason present, on his duties towards the King, Masonry, and his Lodge. I have never heard that military discipline suffered in any way through these military Lodges; but I believe that the creation of any new ones has been discouraged.

### In the Early Stage.

If the Prince should join the Masonic Craft he would, as a new-comer, wear an apron singularly free from adornment. He would have before him an intermediate stage before he attained to



SOME PIANO! AN INSTRUMENT FOR NINE IN THE EMPIRE REVUE, "FOLLOW THE CROWD."

In the centre of the photograph is Mr. Robert Hale, as Paderewski.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

days one of the most frequent mottoes to be found on old Masonic documents was "God save the King and Masons' Craft."

**Masonic History.** Hiram of Tyre is claimed by Freemasonry to be its founder, and when, in the days of the Georges, the Rev. James Anderson wrote an introduction to the first Book of Constitutions of the original Grand Lodge of England, he stated that the Grand Master Moses often marshalled the Israelites into a regular and general Lodge whilst in the Wilderness, and gave other particulars concerning the part that King Solomon, Nebuchadnezzar, Zerubbabel, Charles Martel, and St. Alban played in the promotion of Masonry. I fancy, however, that Dr. Anderson's historical facts are not accepted blindly nowadays by Freemasons. Some of the earliest writers concerning Freemasonry say that the Craft first came into England in the days of the Saxon King Æthelstan. A German author, Herr Findel, has tried to prove that the British Freemasonry was derived from Germany, but this is about as true as that Shakespeare was really a German.

**Masonry in All Countries.** The United Grand Lodge, of which H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex was the first Grand Master, has ruled the Craft with a very level head. Masonry is to be found in nearly all European countries—in Germany, in Portugal and Holland, in Switzerland, in Denmark, Italy, Belgium, Russia, and Sweden. In the Boer War many of our adversaries who were Freemasons showed special courtesy to the British members of the Craft with whom they were brought into contact. Russia and Austria have discouraged Freemasonry, and

the full dignity of a Master Mason and was allowed to wear the apron appropriate to that position and other adornments. Once he had attained to this rank, he could become the Master of a Lodge, and all the rest of the wide field of Masonry would be open to him. He might become a Mark Mason and also join the Royal Arch, and, as a Knight Templar and a Knight of Malta, might wear clothing reminiscent of the days of the Crusades. He would hold, doubtless, various offices in Grand Lodge, and rise step by step to the highest degree to which any Mason can attain. He would study much ritual, and if his brain is then young, would be able to retain it all in his memory, which is a difficulty with some of the older Brethren; and he would, in due time, recognise that Masonry is one of the most splendid charitable organisations in the world, and one of the most admirably organised. The Masonic Schools and the Institutions for the aid of Old Masons who have fallen upon bad times could not well be bettered.

**Masonic Treasures.** At Freemasons' Hall, and at the headquarters of Mark Masonry in Great Queen Street, there are many treasures of Freemasonry—aprons that have belonged to Kings, documents of historical interest, regalia, portraits. And some of the oldest of the Lodges both in England and Scotland have mementos of their earliest days. No. 1, of Edinburgh, possesses Minutes which reach back as far as 1599; an English lodge still uses the gavel that Wren handled; and I have drunk at Masonic banquets out of glasses with a rounded end which were made in the seventeenth and eighteenth century for Freemason Lodges, to ensure "The King and the Craft" being drunk with no heel-taps.

## AUS DEM FEINDLICHEN TIERGARTEN !



THE FERDYBIRD.



THE KAISERBILL.



THE RIFFRAFFE.



THE OCTIRPITZ.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.

# CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS

**O**N Feb. 29, Mrs. Ralph Pomeroy, of Lord Harberton's family, gave birth to twins. "Into the dangerous world I leapt," piped the William Blake infant, and these Leap-Year twins may well take the phrase for their own. All sorts of things were a-foot during those supernumerary twenty-four hours. Verdun was in the balance; and at home Lady Dorothy Bligh and Mr. Peploe, gaily throwing over all hopes of a silver or a golden wedding, were married. Talking of twins, the Howard de Walden pair look almost superhumanly robust in the Epstein sculptures at the Grosvenor Gallery. Being weighty kids, they seem made for marble, and Epstein, evidently, was exactly the right

man to tackle them. Once upon a time Lord Howard de Walden was thought rather daring when he submitted himself to Rodin's chisel; now Rodin is almost a back number, and the twins, to keep abreast of the times, go to Epstein. It was of Lady Howard de Walden that Rodin once said "she is the only Englishwoman I have met who can appreciate my work in good, conversational French."

*Whereabouts.* Among

recent changes of address must be noted that of Lady Cadogan, the young widow of the late Peer, who leaves Chelsea House, and its marble staircases, for Oakley House, in Belgrave Square. She has already moved in, and like her relative, Lady Meux, is quite content with a change of scene. Lord

A RED CROSS WORKER  
ENGAGED : MISS DOROTHY  
MARGARET HUDSON.

Miss Hudson is the only child of Sir Robert Hudson, of 13, Dean's Yard, Westminster Abbey. Mr. Simon Vernon-Harcourt, whose engagement to Miss Hudson is announced, is the son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Vernon-Harcourt, Isle of Wight. Miss Hudson is working at the headquarters of the Red Cross Society.

*Photograph by Swaine.*

and Lady Beresford have given up their establishment in Brighton, and Lord and Lady Clancarty are testing the delights of a flat in the little London abode they have taken till April.

*Another Great Letter.* Young Colwyn Philipps's "testimonial" to his mother, the late Lady St. Davids, does not stand alone. I understand that Lord and Lady Tennyson's son left a wonderful letter to his parents, to be delivered only in the event of his death. He was about to go on hazardous service when he wrote it, and not, alas! for nothing. It deserves a high place in the extraordinary literature of the war—a literature that has nothing to do with aesthetics and the literary cliques, but a great deal to do with the heart. How stale the old talk of art for art's sake sounds in the face of the new, authentic genius of our young men.

*The Meredith Touch.* How alert George Meredith would have been, had he

lived, for the main chances of the war. "I was really meant to be a General, a *strategic* General," he would say, when he wearied of authorship. Now his daughter, whose photograph we published last week, gives half her time to munitions and half to hospitals; and the George Meredith of the third generation—the only son of the novelist's only living son—has been awarded the Military Cross. Another grandson, in the female line and therefore not a "Meredith," married Lady Rachel Stuart Wortley, the pretty sister of that pretty bride-to-be, Lady Joan.

Lady Beatrix

Lady Beatrix Wilkinson's lecture on her sister's experiences in Serbia

was encored. After a first appearance in Carlton House Terrace, she repeated her success at Spencer House. Lady d'Abernon, Lady Dun-donald, Lady Arthur Butler, Mrs. Hope Vere, and Lady Arthur Paget, with a bevy of wounded, were at the first performance. Lady Beatrix had inspiring things to tell of Lady Muriel Herbert's work, which for the present is being carried on at Salonika—inspiring things which make the adventures of pre-war days look very tame by comparison. Such as, for instance, the burglary in which Lady Beatrix lost a number of jewels—a German burglary which

entirely baffled the German police during her last visit to the well-regulated land of the Crown Prince. Tiaras matter less than bandages these days, and diamond crosses are far less exciting, and less becoming even, than the red insignia of hospital service.

A WAR-WORKER : MISS MILSOM REES.

Miss Milsom Rees is an enthusiastic worker for various war funds, and celebrated her eighteenth birthday by entertaining a party of wounded soldiers from Charing Cross Hospital. She is a daughter of Sir Milsom Rees, C.V.O., F.R.C.S., Laryngologist to the King and to Queen Alexandra.

*Photograph by Sarony.*

*Long Engagements : A New Peril.*

to the new reckoning (we mean, of course, an affair of months instead of weeks) came to a happy conclusion last week, but not without adventures. When Lady Kinloss's son, Mr. Grenville-Gavin, was betrothed to Miss St. John Murphy last October, he was known as the Hon. Thomas Morgan-Grenville. Then, before he was able to change his fiancée's name, he had to change his own, by the terms of the will of his aunt, Lady Hervey of Langton. By good fortune, Miss Murphy likes the sound of Grenville-Gavin quite as well as Morgan-Grenville; and the inheritance, I believe, includes some splendid jewels as well as the famous collection of pictures. But wouldn't she have had reasonable grounds for breaking away if the adopted name had been Muggins?



AN ENERGETIC WORKER FOR THE Y.M.C.A. CANTEENS IN SCOTLAND : THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON AND BRANDON.

Her Grace the Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon, who is doing valuable work in taking charge of the Y.M.C.A. canteens in the Scottish munitions areas, is a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England, and was, before her marriage to the Duke, in 1901, Miss Nina Mary Benita Poore, daughter of Major Robert Poore. The Duchess held the Queen's canopy at her Majesty's Coronation in 1911.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

## ST. DAVID'S DAY, 1916: STEEPLE-CROWNS IN LONDON STREETS.



IN REGENT STREET: MISS LILY ELSIE (MRS. IAN BULLOUGH) MAKES A SALE.



A FRENCH PURCHASER: THE HON. IRENE LAWLEY SELLS A FLAG TO A STEEL-HELMETED SOLDIER.



DAUGHTER OF THE MINISTER FOR MUNITIONS: MISS OLWEN LLOYD GEORGE AS FLAG-SELLER.



A FAMOUS DANCER AIDS THE CAUSE: MLLÉ. ADELINE GENÉE AS A SALESMAN.

Despite the keen wind and rather discouraging weather conditions, the Welsh street sale on St. David's Day found many willing helpers in Society; and the fund for providing comforts for Welsh troops will, no doubt, benefit largely by their efforts. The quaint national Welsh costume—steeple-crowned hat, frilled cap, and substantial red cloak—lent an unusual picturesqueness to the normally dull March streets, and a number of well-known ladies braved the unkind "winter wind" rather than we should be accused of

"ingratitude" to the gallant Welsh soldiers who have already done such good service for the Empire. The Hon. Irene Lawley is the daughter of the third Baron Wenlock, and niece of the present Peer. Miss Olwen Lloyd George, daughter of the popular Minister of Munitions, is seen in her Welsh national dress. The band of the newly formed Welsh Guards played outside Buckingham Palace, and the whole day was devoted to honouring the gallant Welsh, and adding to their comfort in the war.

## COIN-CATCHING AND FOOTBALL: SOME SNAPS FROM JAPAN.



A USEFUL TIP FOR FLAG-DAYS AND SIMILAR OCCASIONS: COIN-CATCHING IN JAPAN BY MEANS OF GLORIFIED BUTTERFLY-NETS.



RUGGER OR SOCCER? MEMBERS OF THE JAPANESE COURT, IN ANCIENT ROBES, PLAYING FOOTBALL AT TOKYO.

We do not pretend to know exactly what is going on in the scene first illustrated, as the photograph reached us with the simple description, "Coin-catchers." This is a pastime, however, in which everyone is interested, and the method of pursuing it which the photograph shows may nimbly and sweetly recommend itself to some of our readers. It should be useful, for instance, on flag-days and other festivals of that nature, for gathering donations from upper windows. Has there been a Japanese Flag Day, by the way? And if not, why not? The second photograph, it is stated, shows "members of the Japanese Imperial Court, dressed in ancient robes, playing

football at Tokyo—an old pastime among the nobles. The Japanese Imperial Princes are generally interested spectators of this game, and had just left when the photograph was taken." Various Western games and sports have been introduced into Japan, including baseball, cycling, football, and lawn-tennis. In his book, "The Fighting Spirit of Japan," Mr. E. J. Harrison writes: "A foreign instructor at the Keiojiku College, Tokyo, some years ago inaugurated Rugby football among the students, and matches are regularly organised between the local foreign fifteens and the Japanese, though in these the latter are far less successful than on the diamond" (*i.e.*, in baseball).

## “A LIGHT” OF MODERN ENGLAND: JOAN.



## A NAMESAKE OF “JOAN OF ARC, A LIGHT OF ANCIENT FRANCE”: THE HON. JOAN DICKSON-POYNDER.

The Hon. Joan Alice Katherine Dickson-Poynder is the only child of Lord and Lady Islington. Her father, who was formerly known as Sir John Dickson-Poynder, was raised to the Peerage as Baron Islington in 1910, and the same year became Governor and Commander-in-Chief of New Zealand. He has since been Under-Secretary for the Colonies and

Under-Secretary for India. He married, in 1896, Anne Beauclerk, daughter of the late Mr. Robert Henry Duncan Dundas. Miss Joan Dickson-Poynder is nineteen this year. She has grown to womanhood in a time of tragedy which seems to find expression in a grave and Madonna-like beauty suggestive of her immortal namesake, Joan of Arc.

*Camera-Portrait by E. O. Hoppé.*

# BUCHANAN'S SCOTCH WHISKIES



MONTAGUE TIGG (Martin Chuzzlewit).

**"BLACK & WHITE" AND "RED SEAL"**

*"In aid of the Red Cross Society."*

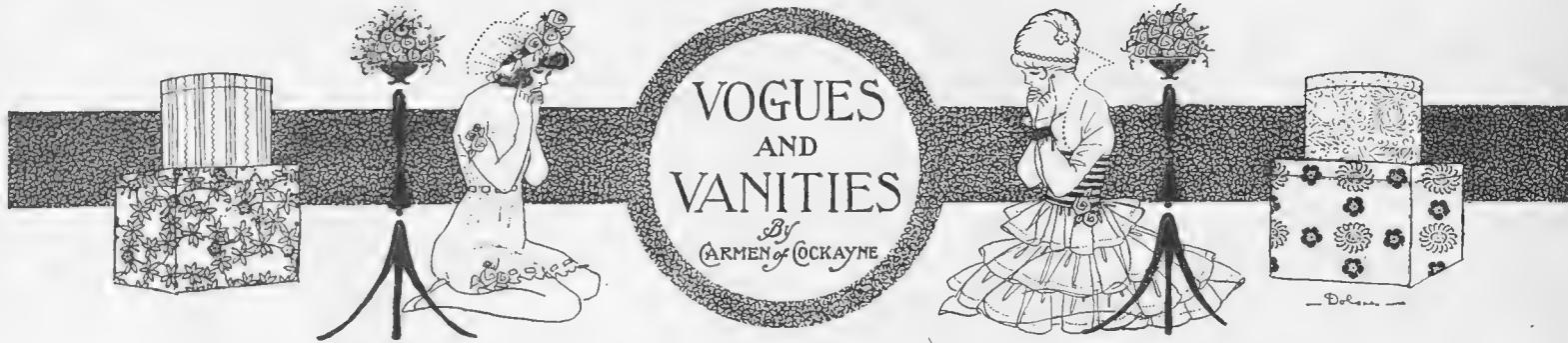
Messrs. Jas. Buchanan & Co. are issuing their Dickens Portfolio, containing thirteen Studies from the Works of the great novelist, together with a portrait of Dickens himself, beautifully reproduced in Colours from the Original Paintings by Mr. Frank Reynolds, at 5/- the portfolio, carriage paid. The net proceeds will be handed over to the Red Cross Society. These studies can be obtained on application to the Firm's Head Office, 26, Holborn, London, E.C.

## FORE AND—CRAFT.



THE CADDIES HAVING ENLISTED, PROFESSOR EGNEY FINDS A WAR-TIME SUBSTITUTE

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



**Joan of Arc  
Up to Date.**

There is a new War Thrift League with a long name and list of officials whose special object is to fight extravagance in dress. To make sure the members are sincere (and it must be said that the Duchesses who run thrift campaigns generally manage to do it with five hundred guineas' worth of clothes, visible and invisible), each is expected to go about with a last year's frock. It is hardly credible that they will do anything of the kind—that is, if they have cash or credit to get a new outfit. But if any heroine does take the proviso literally this spring, she will indeed be worthy to rank with Joan of Arc, whose indifference to the mode of her day was, perhaps, the strongest proof of her courage.

For this year there is a special temptation to run to the dressmaker's. The fashion is changing not with a gentle evolution, but with an abrupt swerve.

**In Gay Attire.**

It is in the matter of colour chiefly that the difference

This is the day of the ruffle, but the one shown here goes a step further and fulfils the rôle of cape as well.

will be seen. For the last year or two dress, in harmony with the general feeling of gloom and anxiety, has been decidedly quiet. But Paris seems to have decided that this is to be the year of victory, and that clothes must be altogether gayer in tone. Colour is to be given freer play. The materials will be brighter (one wonders where the dye is coming from, but perhaps we have got an all-British supply by now), and accessories will be gaily tinted, so that an assembly of women will exhibit all the hues of a tulip-field. In these circumstances, a faithful member of the new economy league will feel that she has indeed chosen the rude and thorny way of virtue, and will suffer constant temptation to stray into the primrose paths of dalliance. It is hard to be a sparrow among birds-of-paradise.

The *démodé* frock will be a sort of San Benito denoting that the victim has for all intents and purposes done with this world. There may be women who are capable of this stony indifference, but if the condition of membership is really insisted on, the number of recruits is likely to be small. It is really asking too much of the sex to expect any wife or maiden to sport a yester-year frock with pride, or blush with shame over the possession of a new one. The majority of us, at any rate, will go on as usual; and, while keeping the war and the foreign exchange in mind, we shall not go out of our way to be frumpish.

**Beauty in the Boudoir.**

In the direction of the boudoir gown the feeling for rainbow radiancy is especially marked; and as there are no hard-and-fast rules as to styles to be observed, it follows that no limit is placed on the creative genius of the clever

costumièr, whose fancy in the matter of cut and colour is given free rein. The little shoulder-capes, the wide turn-over collars, the short, straight coats now in vogue, and the varied forms of stole and pelerine provided for wear over the transparent corsage, which is the corsage of the moment, are excellently adapted for diversity in the

matter of colour-treatment. Gossamer chiffon and stiff brocade of an Oriental gorgeousness of hue are alike employed. Taffeta, faille, satin, lace—none of these materials comes amiss to the dressmaker with ideas. In one sense the war is not reflected in the current modes, but doubtless it was a sense of the debt we owe to the Indian Princes for their unfailing loyalty and support that inspired some of the boudoir coats, which are not only Eastern in the splendour of their colouring, but in actual shape resemble more than a little the long coat which so often forms part of an Orientals' dress.

Large paste or enamel buttons, such as the native loves, lend an added touch of realism, and the slightly décolleté neck is often bordered by a band of fur. La Mode never does things by halves, and when it comes to the point of paying compliments she can hold her own with the most

accomplished flatterer. Italy, therefore, has not been overlooked. In the winter it was the Bersagliari hat; just now it is the Queen of the Adriatic to whom graceful homage is paid. Some of the new tea-gowns suggest mediæval Venetian fashions. Over a long robe a straight tunic, open or laced at either side, is worn. The hem is finished by a band of handsome embroidery, and further embellished with a fringe. The neck is cut square.

**Decorated Dessous.**

The care and attention lavished on these informal evening robes is reflected also in the *dessous* worn beneath. Frothy transparencies of lace and net, or both in union, are lightly boned at the hem to give them the necessary outward flare. After that *carte blanche* is given to the dress artist. With these dresses goes the petticoat made of chiffon. Its vandyked hem is edged with tiny beads to give a pretence of weight. Festoons of beads connect the ribbon tags with which it is further adorned. Pictured here is a charming toilette for restaurant or home wear. In it a full skirt of pink chiffon—in which, by the way, the charm of the petal drapery is illustrated—is topped by a loose, transparent coat of deepish grape-purple, bordered with dull silver beads, with larger velvet ones of a somewhat deeper tone than the coat itself inserted at intervals. An edging of grape-coloured chenille decorates the double-frilled skirt, and the same shade is repeated in the ceinture. The high comb is a feature of the evening coiffure, and the velvet anklets are a charming if eccentric conceit.

**The Ruffle Magnificent.** The re-entry of the cape and the pelerine into the ranks of things fashionable accounts for the ruffle magnificent. Above it is all ruffle; below, more than half cape. Made of white picot ribbon thickly pleated, a frill of tulle at the throat gives it an air of vernal freshness. A narrow ruche of ribbon or tulle encircles the neck, and this is fastened by a flat bouquet of brightly tinted flowers.



Two skirts of pink chiffon, a yard or two of the same material in a shade of grape-purple, and some dull silver beads are the means whereby the end pictured here is obtained.

## THE LINE OF LIFE !



WORKING - OUT THE LATEST STRATEGIC CURVE

DRAWN BY E. H. SHEPARD.



# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## Phillip in Particular. IV.—The Taking of Chances.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

PHILLIP was offering up tea to Nurse Leila in his polished and sacramental manner, so Robert, as he entered, afflicted the world with a deep, Lyceum scowl. Phillip grinned gently over a parapet of sugar-cakes, and he remarked to the strong, violent gentleman—

"Have they made you a Divisional Commander? There's something almost frightening in your joy, Robert."

Robert looked with bottled violence at Phillip's new and choric henna-coloured gaiters. And he said very distinctly, giving full value to the vowel!

"Huh!"

Nurse Leila relieved the earthquake by being as pretty as ever. She moved up a little, and Robert sat down. She also strangled Robert's retort at birth with a cup of tea, and a piece of bread-and-butter too large for the saucer. Robert had a very good retort in the wood, so to speak. He had given his mind to it. He had thought of some of it yesterday; this morning he had given it polish, and just now it had risen fully armed to the level of his uvula. But Leila being pretty, and that large bit of bread-and-butter, and the inadequacy of the saucer—well, Robert had a forty-six chest, and a lot of heart in it, and his father had a cousin who was a Member of Parliament, and his mother was one of the Battersea Browns; but, in spite of all these things, Robert was not one of your Neat Retorters while the Heavens Fall.

The bread-and-butter ran round the saucer, dodged as Robert grabbed at it, and fell on the floor. Robert felt very hot. He felt that this was not worthy of a P.M. man, before whose eye Subalterns with the wrong sort of gloves blench and wither. He felt that the British Army had suffered a severe defeat. And he felt that Phillip was the reason of it all. He would settle with a terrible vengeance with Phillip. He'd talk to him pretty straightly. He'd stand no more of this brimstone nonsense.

Straight talk was Robert's grand-slam. He had gained medals at it. He was the best straight-talker below Major rank in the British Army, and he intended to use his terrible gift on Phillip. Phillip, who was no more than a nice red-tabbed suit of clothes, and a scheme of well-parted hair on top of it, was always getting under Robert's feet. Phillip must learn that boys who have no qualification to eternity save the way their tailor cuts their tunics must not come butting in. . . . In the matter of Leila, especially Phillip must not come butting in. Nurse Leila—well, anybody with any sense must see that Providence had particularly ordained that her heart should go out entirely and undistractedly to a Senior Lieutenant, who was a P.M. man, and whose name was Robert.

Phillip went on serenely evacuating the plate of sugar-cakes, while he made rag-time conversation with Leila. Leila seemed to like it. There was laughter. It turned like steel in Robert's soul. Robert knew that Phillip was witty and clever (mere Froth), but he also knew that he himself was solid. He knew what Leila was missing. All that fine, thrilling stuff about the way the Army was Muddled, and how the Ministers At Home missed the Vital Things—she would lose all that.

Phillip rose.

"How nice," Robert heard him say, as he pressed Nurse Leila's hand tenderly. "We shall see quite a lot of each other, then. I shall like that so much. You make love to me so nicely. I've never been adored so charmingly."

"Crr!" said Robert in his voluble way, though Nurse Leila laughed, and for a moment Robert wished he had Phillip's gift of making her laugh. A little of Phillip's superficial cleverness, and his own manly solidity. . . . He rose to go, also. He pressed Leila's hand in a sympathetic and vice-like grip. And he said chattily—

"Must go. Got to see about shooting a man in the morning."

Phillip was choosing his mud carefully as he stepped back to billets. At that time the whole of the H.Q. Staff were housed and fed and generally looked after in a vast sepulchre known as the Chateau. Robert caught the dazzling young man in the street.

"Look here, Manwaering," he said decisively. "I'm going to pie-jaw you." Phillip's eyes were on him: were they smiling or were they sympathetic? Robert fell before them as many a weaker man had done. He hesitated. "'Bout Leila, y'know. Whenever

I go round to the Hospital Common Room, dammit, there you are sitting in Leila's lap."

"Ah, Leila," said Phillip delicately. "Jolly creature, Leila. And doesn't she adore me?"

"Oh, shut up!" said Robert. "What I want to know is—why sit in her lap?"

"Robert," said Phillip with the start that would not have deceived anybody but Robert—"Robert, I believe you are telling me the story of your life. You want to sit in Leila's lap."

Robert inflated his British Warm.

"Some of us," he said solemnly, "some of us want to be serious with girls—if you don't."

Phillip shook him very strenuously by the hand.

"But, my dear old thing," he protested; "why didn't you pass on the news. When is the happy day? Will you have asparagus-tongs or bound volumes of Foxe's 'Book of Martyrs'?"

"Don't be thoroughly idiotic!" snapped Robert. "You know it hasn't come to that." ("I wondered," said Phillip, and in his own kind of tone; but Robert missed it.) "What's more, I haven't had a chance of—of—"

"A soldier and a man doesn't wait for chances," said Phillip cheerfully. "He hikes out and snatches. I don't know who said that—Euclid or Ethel M. Dell—but it's got the goods, anyway."

"Oh, does he hike?" said Robert savagely. "Will you tell me how he hikes when there is always a pup of a subaltern blocking up the way?"

"I see. You think I'm in the way. But I mean nothing," said Phillip pathetically. "I mean only happiness. I go along to illuminate their dull lives."

"Why not stay away? Just a little—say, about a week. I've got a week's leave coming round. In a week. . . . Besides, staying away would do you a lot of good."

"Sorry," said Phillip innocently. "I don't think they could bear it. They look forward to me so." Phillip smiled at Robert; but Robert missed the deviltry of the smile. Robert was the large, sound type to miss the meaning of smiles.

"But, hang it all, man," he said crossly, "how is a feller to do anything when you are littering up the place and filling the only available seats? It isn't sporting. I never get a chance round there."

"I would refer you to the 'hike' paragraph of our conversation." Phillip looked at him speculatively, grinning—but only inside and away from the public. "The man who wants a chance makes one."

(Continued overleaf)



IN "THE LOVE THIEF," AT THE QUEEN'S: MISS MIRIAM LEWES.  
"The Love Thief" is a Canadian drama, presented by Mr. H. A. Saintsbury by arrangement with Mr. Frederick Whelen.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

## FACING FEARFUL ODDS.



THE VISITOR: It must be terrible—to be face to face with a Hun.

THE WOUNDED TOMMY: You're right, Miss! Some of 'em 'aint 'alf got faces!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.

Moreover, why confine chances to the Common Room? A soldier and a man would search about him and find 'em elsewhere. Lots of 'em elsewhere. I would."

"Ah," said Robert with scorn, but watching Phillip narrowly; for, if Phillip was painfully exquisite, Robert recognised the brain-power under the parting in the middle. "Ah, you would. And how would you?"

"Oh—oh, as easy as having seven days' leave," said Phillip airily, but not very conclusively.

"Of course, as easy as that," sneered Robert. He suddenly felt that the Machiavelli germ was taking hold of him. He was *playing* Phillip. He was proud of himself. "I suppose," he concluded loftily, "I suppose you could even think of one way—one way of all the 'lots'."

"Oh, well, you know—oh, well," said Phillip—and, anyhow, he *appeared* desperate—"oh, well, I know one perfectly clinking wheeze I'd try. Seven days' leave. . . . Well, I'd get ill—oh, rather, I'd get ill. I'd get a nice, mellow illness that would take me into hospital. . . ."

Robert's pulses quickened. He saw the idea. Why hadn't he the sort of brain to think of these things? Leila was in the hospital—officers' ward too.

"Oh," he muttered with condescension, but with an inner delight. "And you would get ill. But you can't buy a really seasonable sickness over the counter of a shop, y'know. You're imaginative, Phillip; but your Staff work is wrong."

"Rot!" answered Phillip, thoroughly warm to the job. "Sickness, especially when one should be on leave—that gives the Doc. a chance of wreaking his bitterness against humanity—sickness is just as simple as reading it up. I'd turn up a book, choose a really bed-ridden ailment, study up the symptoms carefully, and spit them out at the Doc. Of course, I'd take something feverish before I talked it over with him, to get my temperature up—a great asset, a temperature that is up, and easy to do if you know how to get someone to tell you the method. The Doc. might think me a liar, but Docs. are a polite race—and they are afraid of killing junior officers by exposure in times of stress, anyhow. Also, a Doc. really only knows what's wrong with the cogs inside when one tells him about 'em: they disguise this very cleverly, but by a process of deduction over many years I can say this is a fact. Well, the Doc. would pass me as the sickest of the sick. I would be taken groaning into the Officers' Ward—the Officers' Ward, understand. And there would be Leila, not only to be kind to me, but also forced to be kind to me by the ethics of her profession, as well as the kindness of her jolly heart. If I couldn't find my chances with her while she smoothed my fevered brow—a whole seven days of fevered brow, mark you—well, well I'd apply for a job in the P.M."

"Clever Phillip," said Robert, dissembling his admiration. "But you couldn't really do it, you know. You couldn't cut yourself off from the joy of life for seven days, even if half-a-score of Leilas were in charge of—Of course, she's in the Officers' Ward; I remember her telling me."

"Perhaps you're right, Robert—but perhaps, also, I do not wish to win a chance of having Leila to myself for seven days. I was only saying that if I wanted such a chance—well, that's one of the things I'd think of first."

"For seven days," breathed Robert to his soul. "Seven long and glorious days, with Leila being tender to me, and me improving the shining hour with groans . . . and women can't resist the wounded warrior—I've seen that in the papers." He looked at the back of Phillip as he passed towards the Chateau. He smiled almost cynically. Phillip, with all his cleverness, had not guessed how surely a Master Brain had played him. He remembered a fellow with the tabloid habit. He had books and books, and much sinister knowledge. . . . He went off quickly to the tabloid-littered billet.

Two weeks later, Leila said, over a cup of tea—

"Where's Robert, Phillip? Haven't seen him for a day or so. I want to know what Bonar Northcliffe has been doing lately—or is it Handel George? I miss his happy talk."

"Robert had seven days in 'blighty' due to him about now," said a pendent Sub. "He's taken the boat home for a spell, 'sh'd say."

"No," said Phillip, in a hollow voice; "it isn't that. Poor Robert!"

Leila looked at Phillip sharply. She knew Phillip.

"Poor Robert—what has happened to poor Robert, Phillip?"

"Oh, ill—very ill," said Phillip.

"Ill—where—what's the matter with him?"

"Very ill. He was taken to the Officers' Ward yesterday. His groans were horrible."

"The old ward," cried Nurse Leila. "How strange! And again, what is the matter?"

"I don't quite know," said Phillip gravely. "I've talked it over with the Doc.—I've talked it over a great deal with the Doc. He says it is very complicated. Calls for strenuous handling; and any amount of the most abominable medicines. Says poor Robert will have a bitter time, if it's only because of what he has to drink. There is also a starvation treatment—and you know what an affinity poor Robert had for good food—and an electric-shocking treatment, and several other things of extraordinary uncomfortableness. He will go through a perfectly harassing time. But the Doc. thinks he will cure him. After a week of stringent energy he should be cured. What a perfectly loathly thing to happen to one when one is about to taste the joys of leave! He seems to have hit upon the most painful of complaints, Leila. Sad, ain't it? He might have had a sprained nose, or foot, and come along and spent a fairly cosy time with us all at the Chateau."

At this moment Robert was sitting up in his bed of torment, feeling perfectly in the pink, but wondering why his medicine should taste like vitriol and make him feel like an active earthquake inside. He was very hungry, enormously and carnivorously hungry, and the Ward Sister was holding out his dinner. It was in a glass. It tasted like milk and ink, but he was assured it was very sustaining.

Robert was angry. The Ward Sister was part of his anger. She was a dear soul, with a heart of gold, but she had a stern manner all for his good, hands that smote and smoothed one with enormous violence, and the sort of features that do not appear on the covers of Christmas magazines. She Stood No Nonsense. And she was not Leila. He asked delicately and pathetically, "Nurse Leila comes on in the afternoon relief this week, I suppose? Old friend of mine, Nurse Leila."

"Nothing of the sort," said the martinet.

"I assure you," protested Robert hungrily; "I've known her for years—years and years. Quite one of my—"

"Electric shock now," said the nurse grimly. "Try not to

scream—we have one or two patients who should not be disturbed."

"I'll set my teeth hard," groaned Robert. "Don't make it too stiff. But about Nurse Leila. I really assure you—"

"Believe you," snapped the nurse, dragging forward the grimmest kind of instrument Robert had ever seen. "Believe you. Was referring to Nurse Leila's *not* coming on relief. Can't. Not here now."

"What!" burst Robert. "Not here?"

"Gone to the Chateau. Special duty. Has to act as nurse to the General, and the Staff, and all the officers there. Now take hold of this. You're sure to scream at first—can't help it. But you'll get used to it before your week is out. Don't suppose you'll do more than writhe a bit and groan by then. Wonderful what habit. . . ."

"That fiend Phillip!" cried Robert inwardly. "That infernal little fiend Phillip!" (And then the shocks got busy.)

"Poor Robert!" Leila was saying. "If he had known I was at the Chateau he might have managed to become ill there. But still, seven days of Sir Edward Mackenna (is it Sir Edward Mackenna?) and the wrongs (or is it the rights?) he has done—seven days of it!"

"Bit of a strain, what?" said Phillip.

"A big bit; but it's funny, isn't it, that the last time I saw him was when I was telling you of my change—you remember, you said we'd see a lot of each other. If he'd only understood, he might have got ill at the Chateau—and then Arthur James Tennant, and what he has or hasn't done, all day and night."

(In the pause after his third scream of agony, Robert remembered that conversation. "We shall see quite a lot of each other then," Phillip had said. And Robert saw light. Phillip had known all the time.)

Robert was right. Phillip had.

THE END.



LEADING LADY IN "HONI SOIT . . ." WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN THROWING RED, WHITE, AND BLUE "SNOWBALLS": MISS EVEELEN FLORENCE.

"Honi soit . . ." celebrated its 201st performance at the London Pavilion the other day. It was a souvenir night; and red, white, and blue "snowballs" were thrown.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

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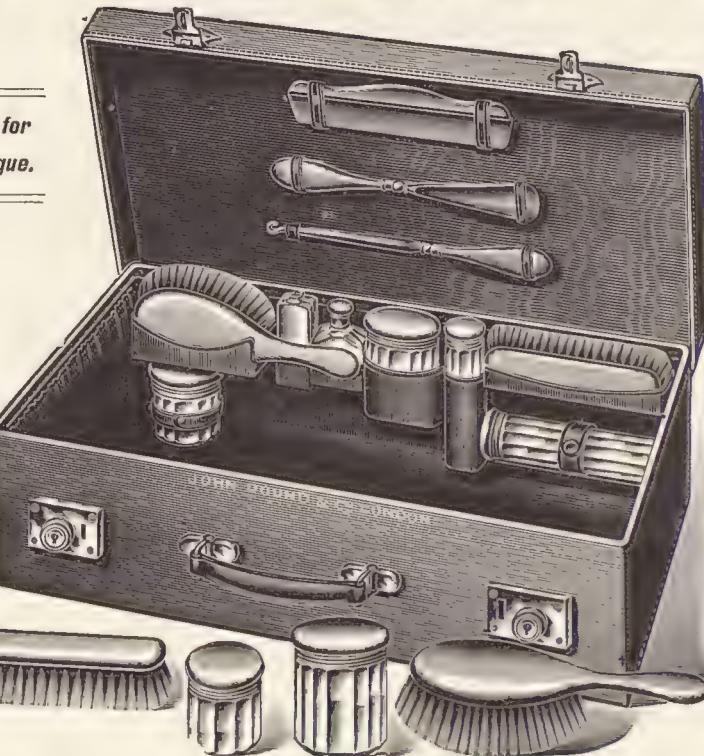


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## THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO., LTD.

THE Prudential Assurance Company, Ltd., presented a remarkable report at its sixty-seventh annual meeting, held on March 2. The figures given were most significant. The Ordinary Branch issued during the year 68,785 policies, assuring the sum of £6,619,218, and producing a new annual premium income of £457,217. The premiums received during the year were £5,157,516, being an increase of £121,891 over the year 1914. The claims of the year amounted to £4,330,768, of which £145,536 was in respect of War Claims. The number of deaths was 11,358. The number of endowment assurances matured was 25,559, the premium income of which was £137,797. The number of policies in force at the end of the year was 935,514. The premiums received during the year by the Industrial Branch were £8,506,063, being an increase of £329,861. The claims of the year amounted to £3,938,596, of which £425,499 was in respect of 25,379 War Claims. The bonus additions included in the claims amounted to £276,721. The total number of claims and surrenders, including 15,505 endowment assurances matured, was 429,510. The number of free policies granted during the year to those policyholders of five years' standing and upwards who desired to discontinue their payments was 88,384, the number in force being 1,984,523. The number of free policies which became claims during the year was 51,417. The total number of policies in force in this branch at the end of the year was 20,859,887; their average duration exceeds thirteen years. The War Claims paid during the year, in both branches, number 26,826 and amount to £571,035. The total paid up to the present on this account since the outbreak of war exceeds £750,000 in respect of over 34,500 claims.

Under the Sickness Insurance Tables the premiums received by the General Branch during the year were £9065, and £5468 was paid in sickness claims. The whole of the fund of £16,955 is reserved for future liabilities. The assets of the Company, in all branches, as shown in the balance-sheet, are £94,794,798, being an increase of £3,592,454 over those of 1914.

The Directors, after careful consideration, feel justified in paying a bonus on all participating policies of the Ordinary Branch which become claims either by death or maturity during the financial year, but in view of the present unsettled conditions it is not proposed to make a general distribution of bonus, and the shareholders will not therefore receive any part of the profits of this Branch. The interests of participating policyholders are safeguarded by a Special Contingency Fund of £700,000.

The provisions relating to Industrial Assurance contained in the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act, 1914, have resulted in a severe strain

upon the Company's resources, which has reduced the surplus shown on the operations of the year, and whilst these provisions remain in force the strain must continue. In these circumstances the Directors have not felt justified in drawing upon the £300,000 set aside last year to meet contingent liabilities created by the Act, but have met the loss out of revenue, and in addition have felt it necessary to increase the amount set aside by £50,000. The Courts (Emergency Powers) Act Reserve therefore stands, as at Dec. 31, 1915, at £350,000.

The profit-sharing scheme in the Industrial Branch provides that after payment of a fixed dividend to the shareholders any surplus profit shall be divided into six parts; one part being retained by the shareholders, one distributed among the outdoor staff of the Company, and the remaining four parts being allotted by way of bonus to the policyholders of the Industrial Branch. The sum which has already been paid or allotted under this scheme by way of bonus to the Industrial Branch policyholders and outdoor staff amounts to £2,825,000. The amount of surplus shown this year does not permit of any increase being made to this sum; there is, however, a substantial balance still remaining, from which bonus additions will be made to the sums assured on all policies in the Industrial Branch of over ten years' duration which become claims either by death or maturity of endowment from March 3, 1916, to March 1, 1917, both dates inclusive, as follows: Premiums paid for 10 years and less than 35 years, £2 10s. per cent. bonus addition to sums assured; for 35 years and less than 40, £5 per cent.; for 40 years and less than 45, £15 per cent.; for 45 and less than 50, £30 per cent.; for 50 and less than 55, £40 per cent.; for 55 and less than 60, £50 per cent.; for 60 years and upwards, £60 per cent. bonus addition to sums assured.

The strain imposed upon the Company by the operation of the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act and the necessity of reserving funds to meet the liabilities which this Act unnecessarily and inequitably creates, are in a large measure responsible for the temporary suspension of the profit-sharing scheme; this year there will be no surplus profit-sharing by the shareholders or by the outdoor staff, while the fixed dividend of the shareholders will be reduced by £100,000. In addition to the reserves held against the liabilities shown by the valuation, the total amount reserved for contingencies, including amounts carried forward, exceeds £4,100,000. The balance sheet includes amounts totalling over £13,000,000 in War Loan and Treasury Bills. The increase in the holding of British Government Securities compared with last year is £11,849,133, against a decrease of £8,276,885 in the balance-sheet item "Railway and other debentures, and debenture stocks and gold and sterling bonds—Home and Foreign." Apart from the purchase of 4½ per cent. War Loan, this is principally due to the patriotic sale to the Government in July last of the whole of the Company's holding of United States securities.

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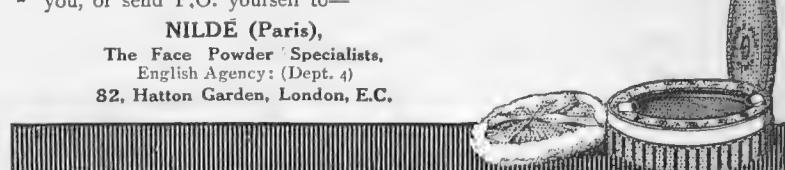
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Dunlop: No, why?

The Major: A friend of mine is wanting a Dunlop and the local agent says he's not got one and can't get one.

Dunlop: Some other firm has pushed a few sets on to him, I expect. We were rather pressed some time ago, but that is all over now.

The Major: Thanks, I'll tell my friend and no doubt he'll insist on having a Dunlop.

Dunlop: I should—it will pay him, and I am sure you will agree with me that one ought to support British firms if one can.

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# WOMAN'S WAYS

## The Girls Get a Chance.

The neat, pink, and polite omnibus-conductor in a skirt who now takes our tickets is a vast improvement on the gentleman who will soon, let us hope, be turning his Frightfulness on the enemy in the trenches. It has long been patent to us that that official represented "matter in the wrong place." He appeared to regard the travelling public as his natural enemies, on whom all the resources of vituperation could be legitimately employed. He respected no one, neither age, nor youth, nor beauty; the only passenger he regarded as a common human being was a child. To do the Unspeakable One justice, he was never ferocious with babies. But the advent of the girl conductor, who is at last getting a chance in life, inspires the hope that we may keep her permanently on the steps of the omnibus. The women are indeed ubiquitous, and there seems no limit to feminine war-activities, nor the uses to which they can be put. The other day the most widely read newspaper in England suggested that a few clever women in the Cabinet would ensure efficiency, foresight, and economy. We are making history at lightning speed in these days. Even the women are getting a chance.

## Popular Passion for Amusement.

It is obvious why the cinema theatre has become part of modern life below the "classes." We have become as avid of amusement and recreation as we were in Tudor times; but the amusement has become softened from buffoonery and brutality to the inanity of the "movies." I have often wondered why no one has attempted to give music, cheap and good, to the proletariat in the same liberal manner and on the same easy terms as the cinema companies. The "pictures" provide rest in a comfortable seat, in a warm hall, and you can enter or leave without any ceremony whatever; and, moreover, the entertainment, if not usually elevating, costs but a trifle. I believe that the public would flock to popular concerts given under these conditions, for they have never yet had music provided in London which was cheap, good, and accessible. No one who has seen the vast audiences which fill the Aquarium at Brighton or the attention with which they listen to that admirable orchestra can doubt the demand. Yet the vaulted, brick-built Aquarium, with its sinister, indifferent fishes eternally prowling in opaque green water, is about as ill suited to a concert-hall as a building can well be. The Town Council, I believe, loses on this splendid orchestra, but they do wisely to keep it going. The concerts are a great attraction to Brighton. Why does not some musical enthusiast like Sir Joseph Beecham start popular concerts in London at one shilling, sixpence, or even threepence entrance fee? Cinema halls have sprung up like mushrooms in a field; a concert-hall requires no more elaborate installation. Why does not someone try?

## The Slangy Telegram.

A singular habit among the younger generation of employing topical slang when writing out telegrams leads to embarrassing situations. The Post Office, just like an editor, refuses to accept popular catchwords, and translates the joyous phrases into what it considers reasonable language, to the undoing of the sender and recipient. Thus cunning plans are upset, the Young Eros is sometimes discomfited, and there is temporary woe and gnashing of teeth until matters are explained and smoothed out. But still the "young and curly" stick to their slang. They would feel themselves hopelessly frumpish if they used plain English.

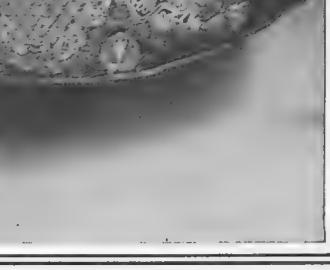
A singular habit among the younger generation of employing topical slang when writing out telegrams leads to embarrassing situations. The Post Office, just like an editor, refuses to accept popular catchwords, and translates the joyous phrases into what it considers reasonable language, to the undoing of the sender and recipient. Thus cunning plans are upset, the Young Eros is sometimes discomfited, and there is temporary woe and gnashing of teeth until matters are explained and smoothed out. But still the "young and curly" stick to their slang. They would feel themselves hopelessly frumpish if they used plain English.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

# THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

TWO plays in succession the action of which is supposed to pass in France, and each, in the matter of costume—to say nothing of the pronunciation of foreign words—curiously un-French! We ought to be able to do better than this. "The Silver Crucifix," at the Prince of Wales's, on the whole, is above the average as melodrama. No doubt the people talked the curious language appropriate to that kind of work, and rarely, except in a few comic episodes, lapsed into human speech; but there are some strong scenes and excellent passages of simple pathos. What audacity! Fancy including an act entitled "After the War" in a piece concerning the present appalling cataclysm! And there was no earthly reason why the drama should not have been put back to the affair of 1870. I do not know whether it is Mr. Rupert Hughes (who wrote the play) or Mr. Walter Howard (by whom it has been re-written and re-constructed) to whom this is due. The noticeable feature in the melodrama is the treatment of the villain, the fashionable French artist named Pascal, who is by no means the rudimentary heavy lead, but an individualised person with some psychological touches. Occasionally, no doubt, he is rather lurid; his business of seeing in the heroine's eyes, when she is in full health, that she is just about to die is rather staggering. Mr. Paumier played the part quite cleverly, particularly in the drunken scenes, and had something of the necessary foreign flavour. Miss Annie Saker, first as the amiable heroine and then as the naughty dancer who becomes purified by love, acts very well, and shows some skill in differentiating the characters, though it would be flattery to pretend that even for a moment she gives the idea of a foreign woman. Mr. Howard himself, as the long-suffering artist-hero, is rather needlessly depressing in manner, though otherwise his work is not without merit. I imagine that the audience was puzzled by the fact that such a useful, popular favourite as Mr. Ernest Leicester had so little to do.

Perhaps some of our numerous Gallic guests will want to know why Mr. Arthur Bourchier has revived "The Arm of the Law" at His Majesty's—a piece in which their criminal law is fiercely attacked, and almost all the French characters are odious. And perhaps none of them will think the matter of importance at any rate. After all, M. Brieux's comedy is essentially a pamphlet handled very skilfully on the stage so as to get a strong dramatic impression. Mr. Arthur Bourchier, as adapter, has modified the

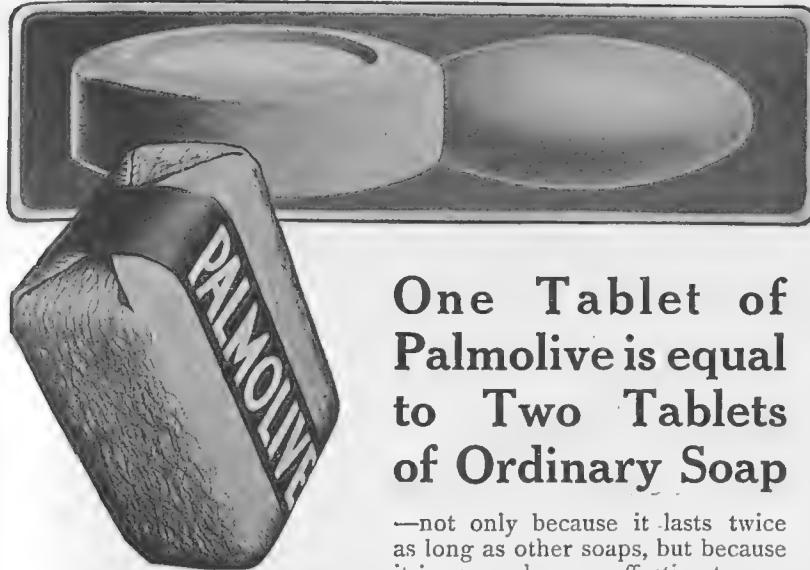


A VELASQUEZ PERIOD FROCK AT THE BALL OF THE GODS:  
MISS ANGELICA BROWN.

Here is one of the dresses worn at the Ball of the Gods, in New York, referred to—and illustrated—in our last Issue. Over 2000 dancers took part.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

spirit by turning the interest from the drama to the chief character, Mouzon, the *juge d'instruction*, whose methods are so repugnant to us as to appear hardly credible; in so doing and in over-elaborating the part he has not been altogether wise, for the lengthy second act drags in consequence and loses its thrill, because of the absence of cumulative effect or growth. Also there is a scene with an idiotic witness which is treated as farce and might well be cut. No doubt, Mr. Bourchier's acting is very clever, but it shows the lack of restraint and sense of proportion which often affects the labours of an actor-manager. Also, by contrast, it causes Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw's admirable performance as the victim to appear a little tame. Mr. Murray Carrington made a great impression upon the house in the last act, and well deserved the hearty applause which he received as the Crown Prosecutor. Miss Kyrle Bellew threw herself into the part of Yanetta with great energy and more skill than some of us expected, yet it cannot be said that she was quite satisfactory. The much-talked-of new ending is very obviously stagey, and vastly less effective than the conclusion which Brieux wrote for Réjane. I wonder if there really are people who prefer to have a play spoilt by an incredible happy ending?



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WARRANTED TIMEKEEPERS.

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### After washing the hands

care should be taken to dry them thoroughly, as neglect of this simple precaution is the most common cause of "Chapping." A little

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gently massaged into the Hands and Arms will keep the Skin Soft and White and free from all Roughness and Redness. Cultivate the La-rola habit and you'll never need to worry over the appearance of your Hands.

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M. BEETHAM & SON,  
CHELTENHAM.



*Coldstreams transporting*

*a gun across a river.*

A. J. KING



Corporal

### Coldstream Guards

### British Expeditionary Force

"I have served 13 years in the Army and went to France with the Expeditionary Force, and some months ago I became a great sufferer from Indigestion and Stomach Disorders, and have tried many kinds of medicines, but could not get any relief. My nerves became so bad I could not sleep, but about six weeks ago a friend got me to try Phosferine, which I have been taking ever since, and am now completely recovered from the complaints which I suffered from for months. My mother was also much troubled with sleeplessness until she took Phosferine, and is now able to get regular rest again. Phosferine has worked such wonders in our household that we are now never without it, and no thanks are enough for what it has done."

This hardy, vigorous guardsman says Phosferine has more than doubled his fighting force, his soundness, and his activity, even in the short time in which it cured him of sleeplessness and other nerve disorders—Phosferine aroused all the nerve organisms to produce that extra vitality which tides the system through all the strain and stress of active service.

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### A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility  
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Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily, and at less cost, than any other preparation.

### SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE

Phosferine is made in Liquid and Tablets, the Tablet form being particularly convenient for men on ACTIVE SERVICE, travellers, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, in accurate doses, as no water is needed.

The 2/9 tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. Your sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1 size.

# THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

## Snow, Slush, and Silk Stockings.

Last week there were many martyrs to fashion about the West End. The short skirts were just right, but thin silk stockings and neatest of shoes made their wearers look cold—and doubtless feel it. High cloth-topped boots were better, but they soon looked slush-covered and untidy. Those of my sex whose moral courage ran to snow-shoes, or even goloshes, looked nicest, because their appearance did not cause passers-by vicarious discomfort. A smart fur coat with a high collar and a fur hat seem in curious contrast to silk-clad legs and patent-leather or kid shoes, the former exposed almost to the knees by the brevity of the skirts. It was a contrast that was seen continually last week, and we can only hope that the pneumonia fiend was not keeping step with the silk-clad legs. One lady, on being remonstrated with, said "I have a hot-water foot-warmer in my car." "Keep in your car, then," said her friend, who was a doctor, "or your hot water will be your worst enemy!"

## AN ORIGINAL MODEL OF WHITE STRAW AND BLUE VELVET.

An original hat of white straw; the under-brim is of raven's-wing blue velvet, and the trimming a large rosette of loops of blue-and-white satin ribbon.

their occupants so immensely could never be grateful enough for a ration of Horlick's Malted Milk which a kind friend had sent him. It happened that he got astray on the return journey, and had to be out in a wood all day and all night. He had with him a tin containing eighty tablets of this perfect nourishment, and he never felt either hungry or thirsty, and could give his whole attention to watching for an opportunity for return to his unit. I hear that the tins containing this ration are 3½ inches in diameter and 7-8 of an inch deep, and that the nourishment in them is equal to that in three ordinary meals. It is a real convenience to have it in such a condensed and portable form, for the tin weighs only seven ounces. They are splendid presents for men at the front, because getting cut off for a time from a unit or lying out wounded may happen any time to any man. The cost of these twenty-four hour emergency-ration tins is 1s. 6d., and they can be bought at any chemist's, or, in case of difficulty, from the Malted Milk Company at Slough, Bucks, and I understand that they will send one post free to any address on receipt of that sum. There is no waste; every particle is pure nourishment, and the tablets relieve thirst and prevent hoarseness and dryness.

## A Necessity for Our Warriors.

It is an unpleasant but unavoidable consequence of trench warfare that the men are tormented with vermin. Notwithstanding that they have a passion for personal cleanliness, they are attacked in this way. A method of prevention has, after long study, been found by the Sanitas Company. Their anti-vermin paste is a boon to our valiant soldiers. It provides a simple, safe, and efficacious means of preventing the pest, also of destroying them. The way of using it is simple. The collar-band of the shirt, and the seam of the trousers at the crutch

and inner seams at the knee, should be smeared with the paste once or twice a week, and this will be found entirely to eradicate this nuisance. The clothing is unharmed, save by a slight greasiness; and to the person there is no harm at all possible. The preparation has been thoroughly tested here and in France with successful results. It is put up in 9d. tins, and can be obtained from the Sanitas Company, Ltd., Locksley Street, Limehouse, E.; but all chemists have it, and it can be obtained at most of the B.E.F., Y.M.C.A., and other depots in France.

**Winter Woes.** One pitied brides and bridesmaids last week, even though they had only to walk from motor-cars to church doors. Miss Cazalet, now Mrs. Neilson, wore such a lovely light, filmy tulle frock edged with silver and a veil of similar ethereal fabric that she looked like a snow-spirit. Lady de Freyne wore a satin dress with a lovely old lace veil, and her bridesmaids were clad in tulle and satin of a beautiful shade of old-world lavender-mauve. Lady Dorothy Bligh—now Peploe—who was married from her fine old Jacobean home, Cobham Hall, was cosily clad in cream-coloured chiffon velvet over old lace, and her bridesmaids wore cream-coloured cloth. She must have been in the confidence of the Clerk of the Weather, and have known that the winter tap was to be turned on.

## Lily-White Hands.

Women who desire to keep their hands soft and cool and fresh and white—what woman is there who does not so desire?—should use that delicious preparation of the renowned Courvoisier, Ess Viotto. A few drops of it well rubbed into the hands secure this desirable end, and the rubbing-in is a very pleasing process. It is one of the things that keep our hands ornamental in these days when they have also to be useful. It is sold by all chemists and at all stores, and costs 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. a bottle. Most of us know and love the exquisite Omar Khayyam perfume distilled by this celebrated house, and all of us who know it desire only to know it better.



RISING TO GREAT HEIGHTS IN PETROL-GREY TAFFETA AND TULLE.

The tulle trimming rises high on this small shape of petrol-grey taffeta, and a note of relief is achieved by the bow of shot pink-and-silver tissue ribbon.

is preparing to turn to account the trade opportunities of the future. Copies can be obtained from the publishers, Mather and Crowther, Ltd., 10-13, New Bridge Street, London.



A CHARMING EXAMPLE OF THE "FLOWER-POT" HAT.

One of the new "flower-pot" shapes of fine black straw, with a bunch of velvet roses, in shades varying from pale-pink to purple, sprouting out at the top.

In the new edition of "Practical Advertising" is shown something of the value of advertising as a real commercial force in the world of business. Its 400 pages contain not only a complete directory of the newspapers and periodicals published throughout the Empire, but also a small "Bureau of Information" on advertising work and practice. A prominent feature is the series of pictorial advertisements used by British manufacturers who are also successful advertisers. The work thus displayed is interesting and instructive, and is largely responsible for the steady demand for "Practical Advertising" among those who appreciate the monetary value of new ideas. Bound in cloth, and sold at 3s. 6d., "Practical Advertising" is essentially a book for the man of business and for every advertiser who

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*Observe the signature thus:*  
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THIS Rowe Suit, with every detail complete and correct, in fine quality shrunk drill, **17/6** carriage paid,

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Royal Dutch  
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*saves ½ your  
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**NO INCREASE IN PRICE.**  
Ask your Grocer for sample, or send for same direct to  
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# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE "PLEASURE-MOTORING" QUESTION: LOOK AT BOTH SIDES: RACES AND CARS.

An Ill-Timed  
Manifesto.

On nearly every side it seems to be admitted that the War Savings Committee's manifesto on "pleasure motoring" was ill-timed and extravagantly phrased. The country has benefited too much by motoring in all its aspects to justify the launching of implied reproaches at car-owners generally, who are mostly rendering yeoman service in their respective spheres; and there is deep resentment in motoring circles at the idea which has been officially fostered that the mere possession of a motor-car is a crime. Apart from the fact that "joy riding" is dead, if the Committee really believed that there was more motoring than was really necessary, it should have confined itself to the use of moderate terms, and not prated of apocryphal "millions of money," to save which would mean the abandonment of all Red Cross and other benevolent work, of motoring for purely business purposes, and even of military motoring itself.

The Suppression  
of Facts.

Unfortunately, the public derives most of its impressions from the statements of the daily Press, and, as usual, is blind to the semi-tortal fact that the harm which can be done by the *suggestio falsi* is only equalled by that accruing from the *suppressio veri*. One journal, for example, has repeatedly stated that all private motoring is stopped in France, whereas the very opposite is the case. All that has been done is to require the motor-car owner to take out a monthly permit, but it involves no inquiry as to use and carries no restriction whatever, other than that cars must not be driven in the army zone. Yet when the editor of the *Motor* addressed a letter of correction on this point, and directly challenged the said

journal to prove its words, neither was the letter inserted nor the challenge accepted. I know personally of other cases, moreover, in which daily papers have presented only one side of the question, and have carefully refrained from inserting rebutting evidence on practical details from the "man who knows." The simple truth of the matter, where Continental motoring is concerned, is that only in Germany and Austria are private cars suppressed or subject to severe restrictions, the reason being, of course, that the armies of those countries are suffering from a shortage of petrol and rubber, thanks to the watchfulness of the British Navy. If our own Army is ever in the slightest danger of being in a similar plight, the use of cars will at once be officially curtailed without question; but there has so far been not a vestige of fear as to that contingency, nor is any such contingency in prospect.

**The End in View.** The upshot of the matter is that people are always prone to mistake the shadow for the substance, and those who cry out about the presence of motor-cars upon the road take no stock of the purposes to which they are applied. This fact has been strikingly shown by the nature of the (very

limited) correspondence which the War Savings Committee's deliverance has evoked in the daily Press. Curiously enough, all the letters have pitched upon one thing—that on the occasion of Gatwick Races large numbers of cars were seen converging from various directions to the course. And this is called "pleasure motoring." But it is nothing of the sort. The "pleasure" part of the business was the witnessing the racing; the cars were merely a means to an end, and were used because they are more convenient to travel upon than the train; incidentally, moreover, it may be pointed out that, while the railway companies and traders alike are grumbling about congested services, it is a virtue rather than a crime to relieve the pressure by any available means. But if there was any sinful pleasure in the Gatwick affair it was surely in the holding of the race-meeting itself; but the Government took that matter in hand long ago, and appeared to regard a certain amount of "sport" as justifiable. How much is sanctioned I cannot say, not being a racing man; but if horse-racing is allowed it is for the time being a legitimate object, and, that being so, it is equally legitimate to proceed to a course by road instead of rail. I notice, moreover, that another journal—one which has never been sympathetically inclined towards the motor-car—published the other day no less than six and a-half columns of racing news in a single issue. If this is justifiable in wartime, the use of the motor-car for practical purposes, or even for purposes of health, is inoffensiveness itself.

Interim Road-  
Repairing.

Without entering into the vexed question of whether the Road Board should

entirely suspend its operations during war-time, one may note with satisfaction that many road authorities throughout the country have realised the fact that current repairs need to be carried on as usual if a colossal burden of ultimate reconstruction is not to be incurred before peace is declared. To make a boot last it must be repaired before it is worn down to the uppers, and the same rule applies to our highways. If small holes which make their appearance are not patched in time they will grow into big cavities which eventually leave nothing of the top-crust remaining, and the road is ruined accordingly. The Automobile Association reports, however, that it has had no difficulty with local authorities in inducing them to attend to local defects in time when these have been duly pointed out. Labour is short, and supervision is more difficult than ordinary; but the A.A. patrols, who are all ineligibles—or even maimed soldiers from the front—are able to note what places urgently require attention, and report to headquarters accordingly. The Association then approaches the county or local authority concerned, and in this way not only has road locomotion benefited, but the pockets of the ratepayers have been saved.



LOOKING RATHER LIKE A MOTOR HANSOM-CAB! AN AUTOMOBILE SNOW-PLough  
CLEARING FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Photograph by C.N.

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**F**IT Goodrich and let those tough fingers of superfine rubber come between you and the skid which lies in wait on every road. Fit your car with Goodrich Safety Tread Tyres and be done with 'skid-dread.'

Make your winter motoring as safe as motoring *can* be made by seeing to it now that your car is equipped with Goodrich.

The finest rubber in the world and manufacturing skill of the highest order go into Goodrich tyres, and the longer you use them the more apparent it is.

Thousands of practical motorists have *proved* these things.  
Have YOU?

REMEMBER THE NAME—

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**SAFETY TREAD**  
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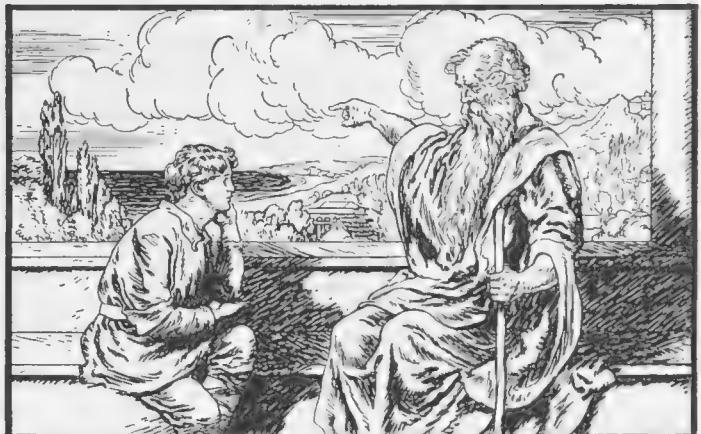
Send for Descriptive Literature to the B. F. Goodrich Co., Ltd., Sole Makers, 117-123, Golden Lane, London, E.C.

BEST IN THE LONG RUN



CLOSE-FITTING OLD-BLUE TAFFETA TOQUE, trimmed with slab of blue stone in dull oxydised setting.  
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Wigmore St., Cavendish Square, London, West.



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**B**UICK memories are ever most pleasant. Recollections of many an enjoyable trip, of steep hills surmounted on top gear, thanks to the wonderful valve-in-head motor, of the convenience and reliability of the self-starter, and of its smoothness of running even on the worst of roads. A "Buick" is an incessant reminder that a thoroughly good article at a fair cost is always to be preferred to an inferior product, the chief recommendation of which is its price. The Recollection of quality remains long after price is forgotten.

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Chassis .. £280

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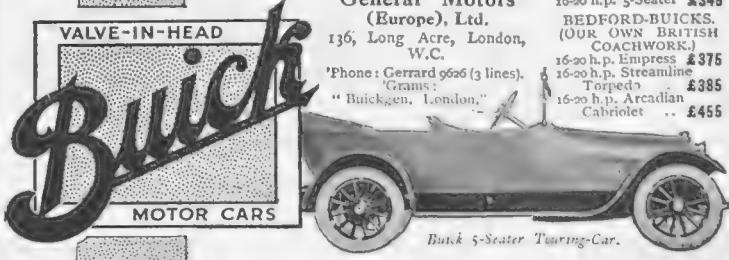
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16-20 h.p. Streamline Torpedo £385

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## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

ALTHOUGH "The Love Thief" is called a Canadian play and has certain non-English aspects, in reality it is a complicated, inept melodrama of any country. But we did laugh—not infrequently in the wrong place. There is a difficult story, and Mr. Cambridge, the author, like many other beginners—it seems safe to assume him to be a beginner—mystifies his audience, and consequently annoys it. For I am sure that most of us believed that the villain who had wronged the heroine was the father of the "foundling" who had married her in the belief that she was unblemished. So we cudgelled our brains, wondering how on earth a happy ending would be reached. It was easily accomplished by dis closing the fact that the love-thief, otherwise Mr. J. Burton Downes, was the uncle, not the father, of the hero. Even then the author deemed it advisable, for the sake of the young people, to send him for ten years to a penitentiary for embezzlement—a matter which the villain never seemed to regard as of any importance at all. It was a very comic affair at times, though I felt it was hard upon the players to hear laughter when tears were demanded. Miss Miriam Lewes gave a beautiful performance of the heroine, although she must have found her the most incredible person she has ever presented. Mr. Edward Sass, made up and dressed rather quaintly, played quite ably the hateful part of the Don Juan called the Love Thief. Miss Marga la Rubia acted brightly until she let herself go, when she went a bit too far. Mr. E. H. Kelly represented a comic Englishman skilfully, and got some laughter by dint of hard work.



THE BAND OF THE WELSH GUARDS MAKE THEIR FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE: PLAYING OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE ON ST. DAVID'S DAY.

Very appropriately, the festival of the national saint of Wales, St. David's Day, March 1, which was also Welsh Flag Day, was chosen for the first performance in public by the band of the recently formed Welsh Guards. They played outside Buckingham Palace during the changing of the guard, and afterwards gave selections, chiefly of Welsh airs, such as the "Men of Harlech" and "God Bless the Prince of Wales," which were greatly appreciated by the crowd.—[Photograph by Afferi.]

and highly entertaining. With her was Mr. Courtice Pounds, making the most of rather inadequate material, and very cheerful though but ill provided with music; and a broader comedian, Mr. Arnold Richardson, who in a way of his own made a success of a comic butler. The exhibition of costumes of the latest fashion was, as usual, magnificent, and everything turned out very well.

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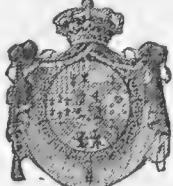
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Mr. Robert Courtneidge's new production at the Shaftesbury, "My Lady Frayle," is a musical comedy with ambitions; and at first it looked as if it were overweighted with ambition, and neither its music nor its comic elements could save it. But after a time things improved, and there began to be some meaning and gentle sentiment in the plight of the middle-aged lady who sold to the devil not her own soul, but the soul of a boy she loved, and, finding herself overcome with true love, could not carry out the bargain, and so, after a brief period of devilish beauty and youth, fell back to white hairs and middle age. Mr. Wimperis and Mr. Max Pemberton had

not gone deep into a situation which had possibilities of poetry, but just deep enough for their purpose; and Miss Margot Joyce (who took Miss Irene Browne's part at short notice) and Miss Annie Croft played gracefully the rivals, middle age and youth; while Mr. Cecil Humphreys was an impressive Devil in the guise of an American millionaire. Between them, and with the help of some good choruses and a good song by Messrs. Howard Talbot and Herman Finck, they raised what at first was unpromising to a level of quite respectable goodness. The comic elements passed through the same stages, being very thin at first, and saved by a lady new to us, a Miss Cicely Debenham, who was very mischievous

and highly entertaining. With her was Mr. Courtice Pounds, making the most of rather inadequate material, and very cheerful though but ill provided with music; and a broader comedian, Mr. Arnold Richardson, who in a way of his own made a success of a comic butler. The exhibition of costumes of the latest fashion was, as usual, magnificent, and everything turned out very well.



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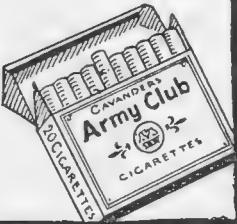
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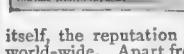
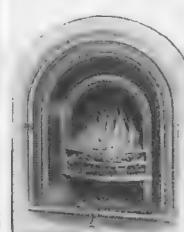
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## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

**Germany Scores.** As all knowing his work would anticipate, there is much of merit and interest in Mr. Foster Fraser's latest book. More than that, there is much that is valuable. Most especially to be noted are the sage remarks on Russian trade and traders, for neither is as we know it, being, for all our world-wide activities, an excessively insular people who walk warily along ways that are new, even if we know that there are gold and Treasury notes at the end! We persist in a desire to give the customer what we think is best for him, not what he thinks is best for himself: that is where, on occasion, the German has stolen a march on us in the markets—he is willing to obey demand.

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**Mr. Schimmelpfeng.** Then a system, as expounded by Mr. Timiriazeff, the Russian ex-Minister of Commerce:

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"I was in Berlin. I remember going to Mr. Schimmelpfeng's bureau, a great building, with galleries running round, all stacked with reliable information about the standing of local firms and the amount of credit these firms were worthy of receiving—information all at the disposal of German exporters. Mr. Schimmelpfeng boasted there was not a single firm in Russia that he did not know all about, and he challenged me. I mentioned a firm near Moscow, not a big place, but quite ordinary, and about which I happened to have some intimate knowledge. Mr. Schimmelpfeng pressed a button, told a secretary what was wanted, and within five minutes there was lying before me a little docket containing precise information about that firm, its capabilities, its revenue, its banking account, information which I thought nobody outside the management of the firm could possibly know." So, we may presume, the German clerk serves the Vaterland from afar! "Think of the enormous use the Schimmelpfeng establishment was to the German exporter, who was asked to give two years' credit to somebody, say, in Siberia."

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Photograph by Swaine.

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## A NEW NOVEL.

"Exile."

BY DOLF WYLLARDE.

(Fisher Unwin.)

and rock: he is an Englishman! There is also the luxurious state which surrounds even a poor Government official in such stations, the least of them valeted and butlered in the good old aristocratic fashion so becoming to amorous adventure. The author gets further than that, and touches real romance at least once. There lives not a woman who can fail to appreciate the genuine thing in that dinner *à deux* in the bungalow of the Government Engineer. There lives not a woman who will not take the situation to her heart, who will not enjoy its delicious flavour, and, if we must have love-stories in the key of Kipling's early Indian work, we could not have better than this. It is very jolly, too, in a rainy, blowy March, to disentangle distinguished people's love affairs, with them all in white, beneath the serene blue, bathed in sunshine. Dolf Wyllarde writes with the easy, humorous charm of a good companion.

"Hearts and Faces" is the title of a novel announced for early publication by John Lane, the author of which is John Murray Gibbon, a well-known official of the Canadian Pacific Railway in Montreal. Mr. Gibbon was editor of the illustrated weekly *Black and White* before entering railway life. This novel is a romance of the studios of London and Paris, where at one time he himself worked as an artist, and is looked forward to with much interest in artistic circles.

## THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

The Epic of Dixmude. Charles Le Goffic.  
3s. 6d. net (Heinemann.)The Pine-Tree: A Drama Adapted from the  
Japanese. M. C. Marcus. 1s. (Iris Publishing Company.)Australasia Triumphant. A. St. John Adcock.  
2s. 6d. net (Simpkin, Marshall.)Canada in Flanders. Vol. I. of the Official Story  
of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. Sir  
Max Aitken, M.P. 1s. net (Holder and Stoughton.)Collecting Old Glass. J. H. Yoxall. 2s. 6d. net  
(Heinemann.)Collecting Old Miniatures. J. H. Yoxall. 2s. 6d.  
net (Heinemann.)The People's Credit. Oswald Stoll. 5s. net.  
(Nash.)

## FICTION.

A Raw Youth. Fyodor Dostoevsky. 4s. 6d.  
net (Heinemann.)Love at Second Sight. Ada Leverton. 6s.  
(Grant Richards.)These Lynnekers. J. D. Beresford. 6s.  
(Cassell.)

## FICTION (Continued)—

The Borderer. Harold Bindloss. 6s.  
(Ward, Lock.)Youth Unconquerable. Percy Ross. 6s.  
(Heinemann.)The Honey Pot. Countess Barcynska. 6s.  
(Hurst and Blackett.)Introducing William Allison. William Hewlett.  
6s. (Martin Secker.)Behind the Curtain. Max Pemberton. 6s.  
(Nash.)Babette Wonders Why. Louise Heilger. 6s.  
(Dryden Publishing Company.)The Duel. Alexander Kuprin. 6s.  
(Allen and Unwin.)The Mantle. Nicholas Gogol. 6s.  
(Werner, Laurie.)

Quittance. H. Maxwell. 6s. (Long.)

In the High Woods. Theodore Goodridge  
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## "THE PROFESSION."

ALL who are interested in things dramatic, whether as members of "the profession" themselves, or as playgoers, critics, business people, or what-not, will give a hearty welcome to the new and enlarged edition of "Who's Who in the Theatre," compiled and edited by Mr. John Parker (Pitman). It contains all the familiar features—biographies, lists of theatres at home and abroad, brought up to date and extended; and several important additions, including an entirely new section giving biographies of leading variety artists—a much-needed and extremely interesting item—and a list of plays which have enjoyed long runs on the London stage. As is well known, the profession has not been backward in "doing its bit" for the war, both in actual military service and in matters of charity and work for the wounded. Many actors joined the forces—one, for example (Mr. Huntley Wright), was seen in khaki at Cairo in the photograph on our front page last week; and this new volume contains a page of which the profession may well be proud—its Roll of Honour, a list of twenty-seven of its members killed in the war. The book now runs to over 1100 pages, and every one of them is full of interest. Not the least interesting is the editor's foreword to the new section,

"Who's Who in Variety,"

which, by the way, includes also a variety obituary—a list of famous bygone music-hall artists. Mr. Parker discovered, he tells us, "an extraordinary antipathy on the part of the majority of the members of the profession to afford the slightest assistance in furnishing any particulars concerning their professional work." In the circumstances, the compiler is to be congratulated on giving the records of so many prominent variety people.

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**ORDINARY BRANCH.**—The number of policies issued during the year was 68,785, assuring the sum of £6,619,218, and producing a new annual premium income of £457,217. The premiums received during the year were £5,157,516, being an increase of £121,891 over the year 1914.

The claims of the year amounted to £4,330,768, of which £145,536 was in respect of War Claims. The number of deaths was 11,358. The number of endowment assurances matured was 25,559, the premium income of which was £137,797.

The number of policies in force at the end of the year was 935,514.

**INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.**—The premiums received during the year were £8,506,063, being an increase of £329,861.

The claims of the year amounted to £3,938,596, of which £425,499 was in respect of 25,379 War Claims. The bonus additions included in the claims amounted to £276,721. The total number of claims and surrenders, including 15,505 endowment assurances matured, was 429,510.

The number of free policies granted during the year to those policyholders of five years' standing and upwards who desired to discontinue their payments was 88,384, the number in force being 1,984,523. The number of free policies which became claims during the year was 51,417.

The total number of policies in force in this Branch at the end of the year was 20,859,887; their average duration exceeds thirteen years.

The War Claims paid during the year, in both Branches, number 26,826 and amount to £571,035. The total paid up to the present on this account since the outbreak of War exceeds £750,000 in respect of over 34,500 claims.

**GENERAL BRANCH.**—Under the Sickness Insurance Tables the premiums received during the year were £9,065, and £5,468 was paid in Sickness claims. The whole of the Fund of £16,955 is reserved for future liabilities.

The assets of the Company, in all branches, as shown in the balance sheet, are £94,794,798, being an increase of £3,592,454 over those of 1914.

The Directors, after careful consideration, feel justified in paying a bonus on all participating policies of the Ordinary Branch which become claims either by death or maturity during the financial year, but in view of the present unsettled conditions it is not proposed to make a general distribution of bonus, and the shareholders will not therefore receive any part of the profits of this Branch. The interests of participating policyholders are safeguarded by a Special Contingency Fund of £700,000.

The provisions relating to Industrial Assurance contained in the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act, 1914, have resulted in a severe strain upon the Company's resources, which has reduced the surplus shown on the operations of the year, and whilst these provisions remain in force the strain must continue. In these circumstances the Directors have not felt justified in drawing upon the £300,000 set aside last year to meet contingent liabilities created by the Act, but have met the loss out of revenue, and in addition have felt it necessary to increase the amount set aside by £50,000. The Courts (Emergency Powers) Act Reserve therefore stands, as at 31st December, 1915, at £350,000.

The profit-sharing scheme in the Industrial Branch provides that after payment of a fixed dividend to the shareholders any surplus profit shall be divided into six parts; one part being retained by the shareholders, one distributed among the outdoor staff of the Company, and the remaining four parts being allotted by way of bonus to the policyholders of the Industrial Branch. The sum which has already been paid or allotted under this scheme by way of bonus to the Industrial Branch policyholders and outdoor staff amounts to £2,825,000.

The amount of surplus shown this year does not permit of any increase being made to this sum, there is, however, a substantial balance still remaining; from which bonus additions will be made to the sums assured on all policies in the Industrial Branch of over ten years' duration which become claims either by death or maturity of

endowment from the 3rd of March, 1916, to the 1st of March, 1917, both dates inclusive, as follows—

| PREMIUMS PAID FOR.     |          |    |    | BONUS ADDITION<br>TO SUMS ASSURED. |
|------------------------|----------|----|----|------------------------------------|
| 10 years and less than | 35 years | .. | .. | £2 10s. per cent.                  |
| 35 .. .. ..            | 40 ..    | .. | .. | £5 ..                              |
| 40 .. .. ..            | 45 ..    | .. | .. | £15 ..                             |
| 45 .. .. ..            | 50 ..    | .. | .. | £30 ..                             |
| 50 .. .. ..            | 55 ..    | .. | .. | £40 ..                             |
| 55 .. .. ..            | 60 ..    | .. | .. | £50 ..                             |
| 60 .. and upwards.     |          |    |    | £60 ..                             |

The strain imposed upon the Company by the operation of the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act, and the necessity of reserving funds to meet the liabilities which this Act unnecessarily and inequitably creates, are in a large measure responsible for the temporary suspension of the profit-sharing scheme; this year there will be no surplus profit-sharing by the shareholders or by the outdoor staff, while the fixed dividend of the shareholders will be reduced by £100,000.

In addition to the reserves held against the liabilities shown by the valuation the total amount reserved for contingencies, including amounts carried forward, exceeds £4,100,000.

The Balance Sheet includes amounts totalling over £13,000,000 in War Loan and Treasury Bills. The increase in the holding of British Government Securities compared with last year is £11,849,133, against a decrease of £8,276,885 in the Balance Sheet item, "Railway and other debentures, and debenture stocks and gold and sterling bonds—Home and Foreign." Apart from the purchase of 4½ per cent. War Loan, this is principally due to the sale to the Government in July last of the whole of the Company's holding of United States securities.

The following letter was received from the Chancellor of the Exchequer in connection with the transaction—

[COPY.]

TREASURY CHAMBERS,

WHITEHALL, S.W.

DEAR SIR,

4th August, 1915.

I have to thank the Prudential Assurance Company on behalf of His Majesty's Government for the patriotic spirit they have shown in placing the whole of their American securities at the disposal of the Treasury at a fair and reasonable price. The transaction has been of considerable assistance in facilitating Exchange operations, and the greatest credit is due to the Company for its prompt action.

Yours very truly,

G. E. MAY, Esq.,

Secretary,

Prudential Assurance Company, Ltd.

R. MCKENNA.

The six Prudential Approved Societies formed under the National Insurance Act, 1911, continue to make satisfactory progress, and the valuable services rendered to the members by the Agency Staff are highly appreciated. The amount distributed in benefits to the members at their homes during the year amounted to £1,414,109, making a total exceeding £4,400,000 since the commencement of the Act.

It is with feelings of pride and satisfaction that the Directors are able to report that no fewer than 9221 of their staff are either serving with the Colours or have attested or been rejected for service; 1305 from the indoor staff and 7916 from the outdoor staff.

Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths and Co., have examined the securities, and their certificate is appended to the balance sheets.

THOS. C. DEWEY, Chairman.

W. J. LANCASTER, *Directors.*  
JAMES MOON,

A. C. THOMPSON,  
*General Manager.*

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1322



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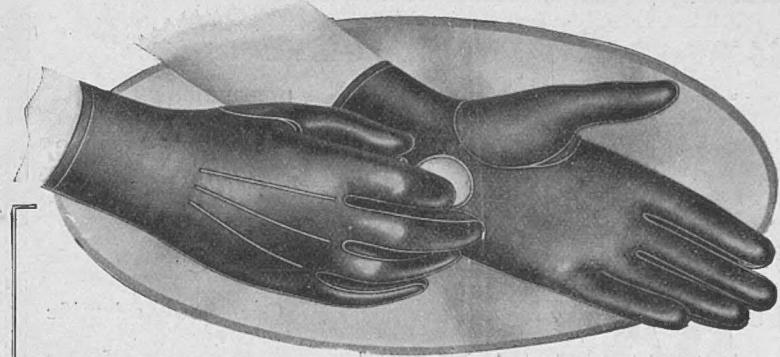
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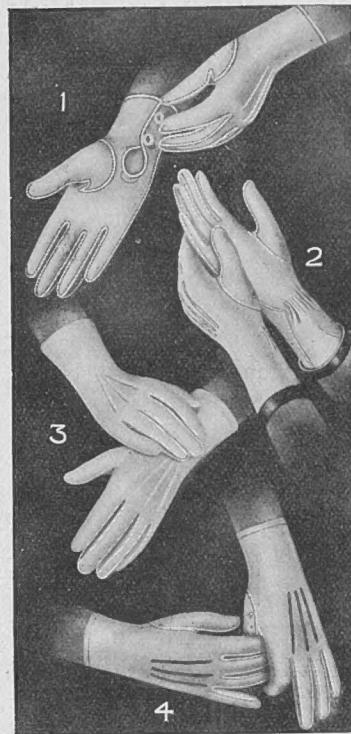
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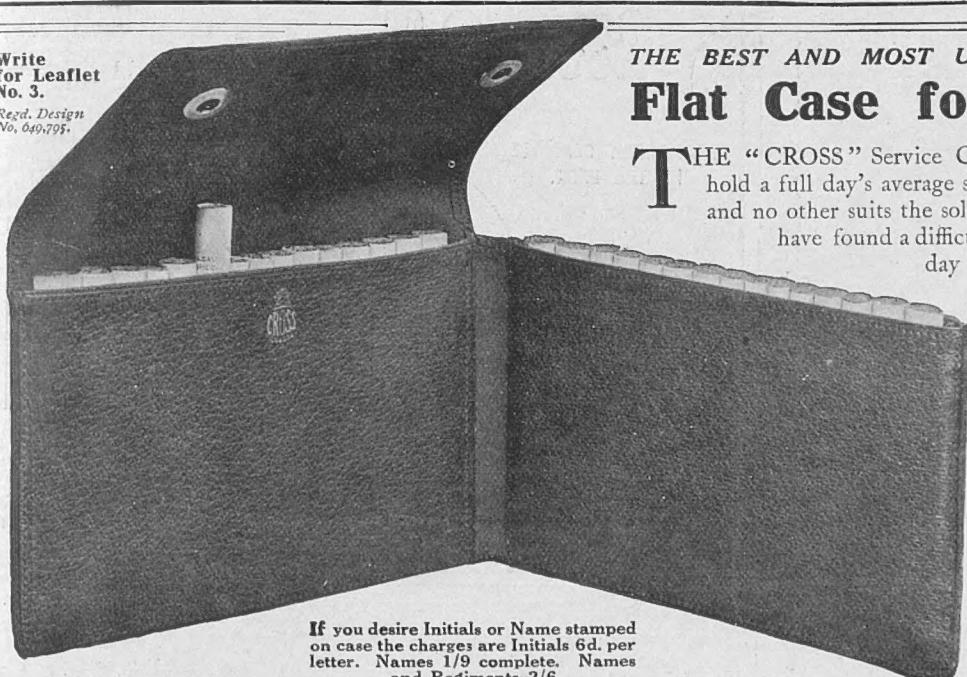
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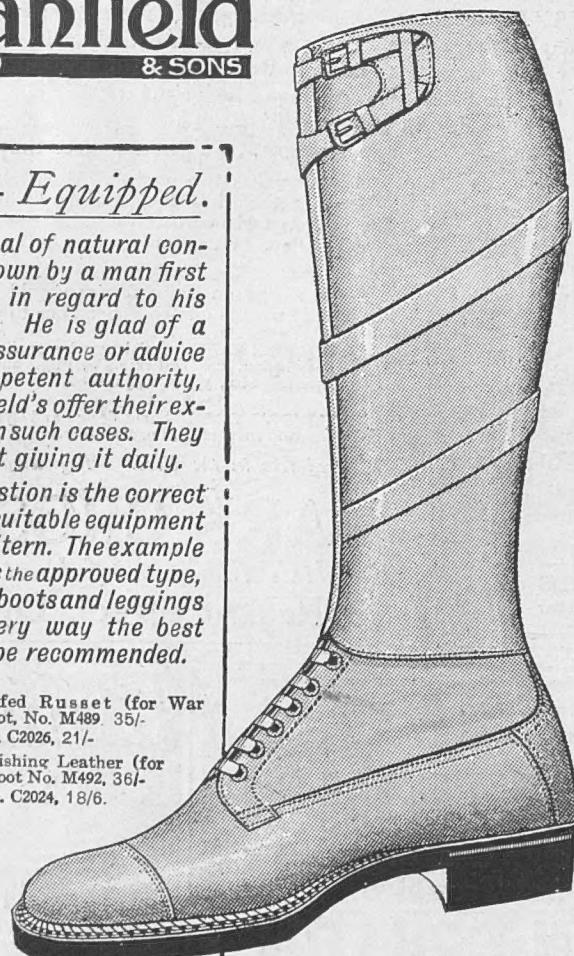
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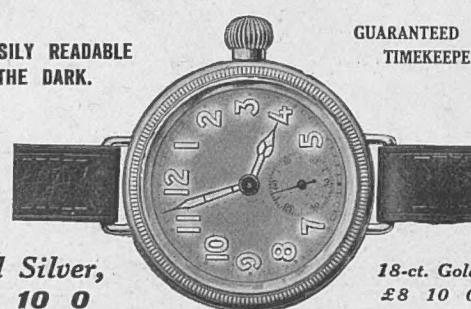
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FRENCH INFANTRYMEN GOING TO THEIR SUBTERRANEAN BILLETS.

THE FLOODS IN HOLLAND.

WITH THE FRENCH ARMY IN THE FIELD: A SERIES OF SPLENDID PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE IMPERIAL JAPANESE CORONATION REVIEW.

THE DESTRUCTION OF ZEPPELIN "L 77": A NUMBER OF SPECIALLY FINE ILLUSTRATIONS.

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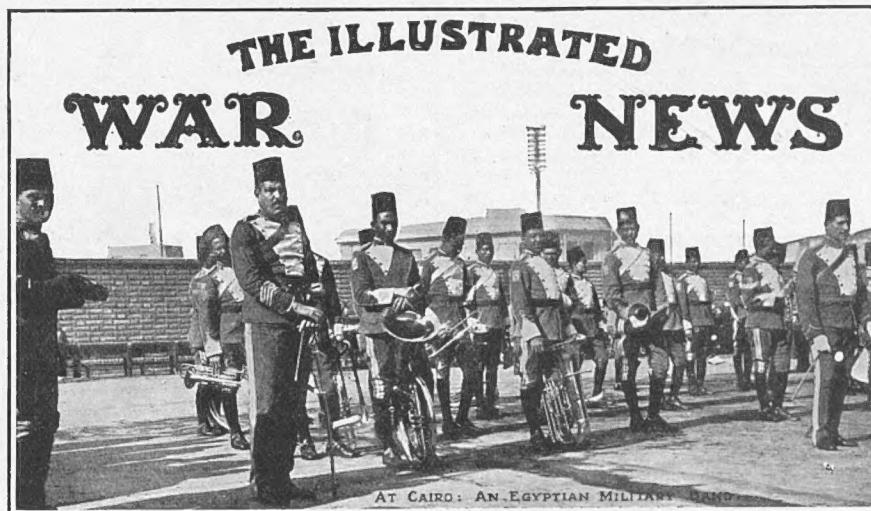
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## "If Dreams Came True"

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"To Messrs. J. Millhoff & Co., Ltd., British Expeditionary Force.  
86, Piccadilly, London, W.  
"Gentlemen,

On behalf of the Mess, will you accept my very grateful thanks for the charming set of 'De Reszke' 'Rilette' pictures you have so kindly sent. It may interest you to know that as the walls of the hut are covered with brown paper (to keep out the draught) the pictures show up rippling. Your cigarettes don't need any recommendation, but their soothing influence, and the charming reminders on the walls, help the many officers who pass through the Mess in the course of a month to recall the many girls we have all of us left behind us, and the good old times we've had, and hope to have again, when we've finally put the kibosh on the Kaiser. I can from personal experience recall the very soothing influence your cigarettes have had on my sometimes very mixed feelings when I was in the trenches. With compliments from all of us, and again thanking you for your much appreciated gift,

Yours faithfully,  
A. D. Vaughan, Capt. & Adj't."

SEND your friend on Active Service a regular supply of "De Reszke" Cigarettes—he's worthy of the *very best*.



*Secret Communication*



*Withholding Supplies*



*Surprise Attack*



*A Reprisal*



*Cross Fire*